

THE

HISTORY

Are OF *Wigate*

MISS INDIANA DANBY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FIRST VOLUME.



D U B L I N :

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M,DCC,LXXII.

LIB

HISTORY

JAMES DAVEN



FIRST VOLUME

D. U. N. I. N.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME

THE
HISTORY
OF

MISS INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER I.

TO MISS INDIANA DANBY.

BESIDES that you are too handsome, I think, for a nun—how can you, my dear little hypocrite, pretend a fondness for that way of life? Trust me, for all your flourishing about its serene happiness, you would never repent but once if you were one, that is to say, every day, and all the day. It would, like matrimony, be well enough for a month or two; but for life!—only think of that.—No hopes of dear variety; the same dull scene over and over again. Intolerable! Thank Heaven, you are a protestant; yet is there really any fear?—I don't know; you are an unaccountable girl, and have some grave whims now and then, that would give me ap-

prehenensions, if you were a bon Catholic—conversing and living, as you now do, with the sober sister-hood, without one single beau to let the crying sin of celibacy before your eyes. A pretty fellow, armed with sighs and vows, would soon put to flight those gloomy ideas. Have you no handsome priests among you, to enliven your dreary solitude? no little intrigues stirring, to divert your friend with? no curious anecdotes? no scandal?—Impossible! I know you could, if you pleased, furnish me with a thousand pretty love-tales, as you are by this time, no doubt, a confidante amongst the virgin-tribe. Do, my dear, transmit me a few of their histories. You say there are some of them very handsome. How came they to be buried alive, like the vestals? Perhaps it was the same sort of faux-pas that condemned them to this similar punishment. As for the plain damsels, they may as well do a thing with a good grace, and fly from temptations, which they might receive without being able to give: peace be with those whom nature has furnished with the proper requisites for chastity!

BUT now for a serious question or two—When, my dear creature, are we to be honoured with your good company again? I wonder what Mrs. Beverly means by keeping you abroad so long—I'll lay my life she's afraid her son should run away with you. I think you never saw him. Was he returned from his travels before you took your flight? I believe not. Well then, my dear, take my word for it, you'll be amazed—delighted—every thing; for he is—but words would fail me, were I to attempt telling you what he is—so come and judge for yourself; but be quick, or you lose all hopes of him; he stands a great chance of being snapt up before you



you come. Miss L. and her little demure sister (who, notwithstanding her preciseness, is a coquette in her heart, as indeed, I believe, all your grave misses are, only more slyly so than we open-hearted ones) these ladies, I say, are constant attendants at Mrs. Beverly's. The coldness that was between them is vanished. Who can wonder? The fire of the son's bright eyes could not fail to dispel it. A gentle warmth has taken its place. I wish it may not increase to a flame that will not easily be extinguished. 'Tis certain the fair ones are already jealous of each other. You may believe, this furnishes a good deal of mirth to their acquaintances. You know, we are very charitable on these occasions, and love to put the best face on every thing that concerns our friends.

How I talk of friends! May I still flatter myself you look, upon me in that light? or rather may I hope you are as partial to me as you used to be, as condescendingly blind to my faults, and favourable to my few good qualities? I can tell you, I am frequently visited with uneasy apprehensions.—But be gone, ye doubts and fears! You know how sincerely I love you, how much my happiness depends upon a return. You are generous, constant in your friendships—I am satisfied: but return, my dear Indiana, return; for life is insipid to me without you.

I AM going to attend your old acquaintance Lady Ramsay, who insists upon my being with her, while she receives her wedding visits. A silly kind of parade enough this, to be made a show of upon such an occasion. When I marry, I am determined to spend the honey-moon in the country, in imitation of the first poor souls that submitted to the yoke: which, by the bye, must have sat very uneasy on them, for, by all accounts,

counts, theirs was but a honey-week—some say, day. But through custom, child, (a second nature you know) our modern couples have been known to spin out their happiness the whole length of a *month*. I know you will tell me, this sneer of matrimony is only a masque to cover my real sentiments, for you are sure I have no aversion to it in my heart. You are deceived. I hate it mortally, ever since a certain impertinent has been labouring to recommend it to me. You know who I mean. I am as fond of him as ever; and poor Miss Sands more so. I wish—yet to lose an humble servant, now men are so scarce; it won't do. Self predominates: so, my dear Lucy Sands, you must not have him, unless you can provide me another to fill up the vacancy. My dear Indiana, Mamma tells me she longs for your return. She wants, she says, some of your assistance to govern me. Do you believe her, who know that a tractable disposition is the characteristic of

YOUR CLARA FREEMORE?

L E T-

LETTER II.

TO MISS FREEMORE.

NOTwithstanding your raillery, I will still venture to declare my partiality for the innocent life of a convent. If I was, as you say, a bon Catholic, you should soon see a proof of it. What a pity, you'll say, that there are no Protestant nunneries for such well-inclined souls! True, I wish there was; but you light-headed, or, if you please, light-hearted ladies, can have no idea of the real satisfaction that religion and solitude give people of a graver turn. You have no relish for still life—no joy but in what we should call hurry and confusion. I shall be utterly spoiled for making any figure in the beau monde, if I continue here much longer; nor have I any great longing to return to it, but for the happiness I promise myself in yours and my dear Mrs. Beverly's company. This is certainly the life of angels—Yet stay—I forget; I shall put you out of conceit with that order of beings (whom you have often been proud to be said to resemble) if I give you so dreary an idea of them. Do not, Clara, yield to popular prejudices: for the honour of the sex, believe that they can live innocently and contented in their virgin-state, without the assistance of handsome priests—except you would have me suppose you judge of others by yourself. “Oh monstrous!” you cry, “how can I make such an uncharitable inference!” Well then, don't join the general cry against my favourites. You would love and esteem them, were you to know them as well as I do—nay, I really believe, in spite of your gai-

ety, you would insensibly contract a relish for their way of life.

ONLY figure to yourself a set of agreeable women living together in perfect intimacy, striving to oblige each other—every one employed, according to her genius, in embroidery, painting, music, and a thousand other curious arts, which are here both taught and practised in perfection—not to mention our various amusements, walking, reading, and conversation. I omit the most material, and, I may say, the most delightful—the exercise of religion; in which every one joins with a fervour and alacrity, that can neither be conceived nor imitated by the luke-warm Christians of a busy world. Now, my dear, take this account instead of the scandal you affect to wish for—tho' I know you too well to believe you have a relish for it. But if you really choose to hear some, I could not oblige you—it is banished from this house of sanctity—none gives cause, none seeks to find it—all is amity and love. Beauty here ceases to create envy, or raise vanity in the possessors. It must be so, since the other sex are excluded, those sowers of sedition. Keep your handsome Beverly; I do not feel one spark of curiosity to see, nor wish to think of him in any other light, than that of the son of my friend and benefactress. I cannot accuse myself of insensibility, except in regard to love. You'll think I have no great cause to boast, since I cannot here have been put to the trial. You are mistaken—we frequently see company at the grate. The beaux, who are constantly seeking amusement, visit the nuns, by way of variety; and are fond of saying fine things, and making professions, where they know they are in no danger of being taken at their word. There is one lady in particular, who attracts every body's

dy's notice—her person is so elegantly perfect—never, till I saw her, was sensible how little need beauty has of ornaments, or rather how much it lessens its charms by too much dress. I dare say, the sweetly-amiable Agnes would become none so well as that of a nun: in that she is a perfect Madona.

BEAUTY is certainly a very desirable gift—it commands a sort of involuntary respect, even from our own sex. This fair one is treated with a distinction which can be owing to nothing but her superior charms. Now that jealousy is out of the question, she naturally becomes a favourite—every thing she does has a peculiar grace, and winning sweetness. If she professes to esteem, you cannot help being more pleased with it, than the same assurance from one less amiable, tho' she may be equally sincere. I don't know how you are affected; but I always prefer the acquaintance of pretty women before any other. If we are taught to admire the works of nature, what can be so worthy our notice as a lovely human body—that last most perfect wonder of the creation? Besides, my dear, you fine women, being most satisfied with yourselves, are least given to envy and detraction—reserving all your little becoming airs and perverseness to torment the other sex.

I FIND you are not yet tired of teasing your submissive captive Mr. Bevil; I am amazed that your natural love of variety does not force you to change your plan. I did not think you could act so uniformly.—I am too little of a coquette to guess your motives. You ladies have a great deal of policy, and generally choose to lay aside nature as much as possible. In this instance, I am sure you do; for I could lay my life you love the man, notwithstanding all your grimace. I

wish he knew you as well as I do. Depend upon it, when I return, I'll whisper a secret or two for his comfort. Don't you remember what you said? not to mention how much more you thought of him, before he was so weak as to let you know the extent of your power over him. Come, I know you'd cry your eyes out, if you thought Miss Sands had any chance of robbing you of his heart. I wish to Heaven she could—he would then be sufficiently revenged for your ill treatment. You may be angry if you will—but I protest I think he is too good for you. An amiable, sensible man! For shame, learn to distinguish merit, and treat it as it deserves. Let me have the pleasure of being your bride-maid; and then, if you wish to see me, hasten your wedding. Mrs. Beverly will not refuse to let me return on so joyful an occasion.

My dear friend, be more just to yourself as well as me, than to doubt my affection and esteem. I love even your faults, you have so graceful a manner of embellishing them. How sincerely then must I be attached to your virtues, which are so much more predominant? I cannot think it possible a friendship so sincere as that I feel for you can ever decrease. Heaven grant it never may, on either side; for it is at present the principal source of my happiness.

ADIEU! dear Clara. My best respects to your mamma and fair sister. I have promised to accompany sister Agnes in a walk—she is, with well-meant zeal, endeavouring to convert me—she weeps to think her dear Indiana should be a heretic. She comes. Once more adieu!

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S.

P. S. Be so obliging as to deliver, with your own fair hands, the enclosed letter to Mrs. Beverly.



L E T T E R III.

To Miss INDIANA DANBY.

I AM most intolerably angry with you, and sit down with a full resolution of scolding. Here I pause—not for want of subject, but so many different things crowd upon me at once, that I am at a loss which to choose. If I begin with the man, you'll be so spiteful as to suppose he is always most in my thought.

CONSCIOUS!—How can you be so teasing? You wish me to lose my captive. One good turn deserves another. I, in return, heartily wish, as a far greater punishment, that you were a nun. We should soon see which had most reason to cry their eyes out.

Now let me alone, Indiana—I won't be lectured about the fellow. I don't like him—that is, for a husband—that is, I don't like marriage. No—I don't know what I like—the creature is so teasing. I could not get rid of him, so was forced to begin my letter in his company. Do you know he is quite a different man from what he was?—no more the dumb obsequious lover. The creature talks, my dear; as true as you are alive, talks like any thing—Amazing!

HEY-DAY! what will this world come to? Do I really suffer such liberties?—Only think of it. I condescend to bid the wretch mend my pen—and (would you believe it?) he had the assurance to kiss my hand, as I held it out to receive it from

from him; and when I was, as you may believe, violently angry, instead of repenting, he repeated the transgression—and that with such a confident air too, that I was struck dumb, and looked half-silly, I fear; and, what was still worse, had not the power to express my displeasure. We seem to have changed characters—what the consequence will be, Heaven knows! Now don't think about bride-maids; tho' if any thing could tempt me to commit a foolish action, it would be the offer you make me of returning to England.

WHAT am I saying? I can hardly believe my eyes when I look over this fine epistle. Did I really write it? Sure the wretch has bewitched me—I'll leave off till he is gone. Shall I own one secret to you? I fear the poet spoke truth who says, that

“ Woman born to be controul'd,
“ Stoops to the forward and the bold,”

BUT no more—what a subject is this!—prodigiously entertaining, to be sure!—I blush—you'll pardon me, sweet friend. When you return, you shall take your revenge, and talk me deaf about Beverly; who, I am sure, will be no longer insensible when he has once seen you.

THEN farewell to his unmeaning gallantry and Danby for ever! I know his fate—and, if you are not adamant, I guess yours; for he is an elegant fellow, but inconstant as the wind till you come and fix him. He has already, within my knowledge, given four damsels a right to wear the willow; to each of whom his love, so far from continuing a calendar year, did not exist a month.

Now

Now I know, to keep up the character of gravity, you'll think yourself obliged to express a dislike of such levity—perhaps you will give it a harsher name. But don't fib, Indiana; come, own the truth—don't you think him the smarter fellow? I'll lay my life you can't hate him so much as you ought to do for making fools of your poor sex. In my conscience, I do not hate a lively wild fellow. It is our own fault if they deceive us; they are no hypocrites—we see what we have to trust to. My dear sister—bless her!—I fear, is a little infected; for she rails against him most furiously. Better talk ill of him, you know, than not have the pleasure of talking of him at all. Do, my dear, come and put an end to the hopes and fears of these love-sick folks—and let despair of success restore them to their primitive indifference.

I WAS at Mrs. Beverly's last night. After a good many indifferent subjects, she chose one that nearly interested me—it was about your return. She said she thought, you had been long enough abroad, to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language, and every other accomplishment that could be learned there;—besides, she was impatient to see you.

“OH! so am I, dear Madam,” cried I; “do, dear sweet Mrs. Beverly, send for her home; she'll be quite moped amongst the prim sister-hood—she's half a nun already.”

“Is she?” said Mr. Beverly laughing, “I shall be charmed with such a novelty—we have few ladies of that turn.”

“WRETCH!” said I, “I'll warrant your vanity makes you think you will soon cure her of it.”

“I WON'T

" I WON'T boast," said he; " but I'll give you my honour it shall not be for want of endeavours if I do not."

" No body doubts you," said I; " but take my word for it, you'll find her another kind of damsel from any you have yet met with—none of your easy conquests, your soft souls that are so liberal of their tenderness. They have quite spoiled you, Mr. Beverly; yet have you no great cause to triumph for such easy victories—but Indiana shall teach you the same lesson of humility."

" I HAVE for some time been puzzling myself," said he, " to account for one lady's praising another—but I have it—you want to raise my expectation so high, that I shall be certain to be disappointed when I see her. Then you hope, that finding her less perfect than my imagination, with your assistance, had represented her, I shall slight the few charms she really possesses. I know the secret spring of action by which you fair ladies are actuated."

" HELP me, Mrs. Beverly, dear ladies, assist me," cried I, " in the just cause of defending our injured sex, injured by this ingrate, to whom they have been but too liberal of their favours."

" NAY, if you procure such powerful allies," said he, " I fly the combat; I dare not engage against such odds—but come, my dear Clara," added he with a lively air, taking my hand, " let's kiss and be friends—I know you have no anger against me in your heart; our dispositions are too much alike, not to have a partiality for each other. I'll lay my life, had you been a man, you'd have been the very fellow to me. Come, confess—but you need not, if the poet says true, that *Every woman is at heart a rake.*"

" POOR

"POOR soul!" said I, "it must be owned he was at a great loss for a rhyme when he was forced to put up with that line—an assertion that is so contrary both to reason and experience; yet this piece of satire has been of infinite service to you beaux, who would be at a great loss for something smart to say, were it not for borrowing this piece of false wit."

"SOFTLY," cried he, "spare my favourite bard, tho' your anger should be doubled against myself—But how is it possible a lady of your discernment should not have found out his meaning better than to suppose a satire where he intended a compliment—*Every woman is at heart a rake*, is meant as a reproof to us; and is as much as to say, Are you not ashamed to be so little able to govern your passions, when the fair sex, whom you pretend to be the weaker vessels, behave with such decorum under the same temptations?"

"KEEP your comments to yourself," said I—"we need none of your defence; I insist upon it we are of a purer nature."

"THEN you shall have my reverence," said he smiling; "but if you would have me love you, let me still believe you have passions and affections as well as myself."

"KEEP your love, good Sir," said I. "A woman of virtue will seek for the esteem and attachment of her fellow-mind, and will not reckon what is the glory of the one sex insipid in the other."

"Now who would not swear," said he with a loud laugh, "that I was talking to one of the greatest little Platonists in the world, instead of the greatest coquette in nature! Poor Bevil! No wonder he is bamboozled! He has under-
" taken

“ taken a wild-goose chase!—a lady who is not two minutes the same character.”

“ LET Mr. Bevil alone,” said I; “ he stands in no need of your pity. I wish you had half his good qualities.”

“ THANK you, Madam,” said he, bowing; “ I’ll take care to let him know how much he is in your good graces.”

“ HE knows you too well,” said I, “ to give much credit to what you say; your plain sober men have a natural distrust of you, joking ralliers—so I am in no danger.”

“ THEN you are serious when you own your passion for him,” said he archly.

“ WRETCH,” said I, “ I won’t talk any more to you—I hate you heartily.”

“ NOW you have resumed your own character,” said he, “ and speak contrary to your sentiments as you used to do,—that’s my dearest; I knew you were fond of me. Is she not, my sweet Grave-airs,” added he, turning to my sister, and taking her hand.

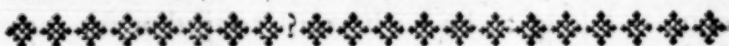
THE girl blushed, and betrayed rather too much pleasure at this address; which indeed was uttered with a tender air. I was half-angry with her. The man’s a perfect coquette, Indiana, and aims at nothing but making conquests. I would not have my sister add to the number of simpletons—yet I fear for her; the wretch can put on such softness, such gentle, winning airs. Then his really fine eyes are so disciplined, and have their insidious lesson so pat, one has need to be well fortified with pride and the knowledge of his character, to resist him.

BUT come, my dear, and teach him to feel what he can so well affect. The forsaken nymphs call upon you to revenge them for his inconstancy. Mrs. Beverly was serious when she talked of
your

your return. Prepare then, my lovely friend, for the happy moment when I shall in person express some part of the affection and esteem that glows in the breast of your

CLARA FREEMORE.

P. S. My sister loves you sincerely; but, I believe, she now dreads a rival.



LETTER IV.

To Miss FREEMORE.

WHY, my dear Clara, do you seek to disguise your real sentiments with regard to the worthy Bevil? Is this consistent with our friendship? You know, nothing would give me more pleasure than to be assured by yourself, that you do justice to his uncommon merit. Trust me, my dear, in an age like this, where good men are scarce, you ought to thank Heaven for such a conquest. I was vexed when, with such levity, you changed a subject that stood in no need of an apology, for one far less agreeable. I congratulate you, however, that you durst not trust yourself to enlarge upon that; if you had, I am convinced you would have given fresh proof of your half-smother'd regard for him. But why am I to be entertained with nothing but accounts of Mr. Beverly? Can you really think you have recommended him to me by the character you have given him? Believe me, you are deceived. Rally me if you will; but I cannot join with you in admiring his lively inconstancy; 'tis well for me that I do not. Can I entertain the
ungrateful

ungrateful hopes of such a conquest? What a return would that be for the many favours I have received from my benefactress! No, my dear, I shall take care how I admit so unjust a passion; but, by your account, I'm in little danger; I cannot be at all to his taste—so say no more of it.

ARE you serious about your sister?—I hope not; tho' she may justly pretend to a worthier heart than he is possessed of. Her fortune too is equal—I long to be with you, to judge for myself; for there's no trusting to your lively pen.

I EXPECT a letter from Mrs. Beverly this evening. I shall then know when I may hope for the pleasure of seeing my dear friend. The amiable sister-hood expresses most obliging regret at the thoughts of losing me; and, I assure you, my joy at the prospect of returning home is not without alloy; for I shall leave some most engaging women, who have done all in their power to render my stay agreeable—particularly the fair Agnes, whose sorrow is heightened because she has not yet made a convert of me—a task which, she says, she should not despair of effecting in time. Pious creature! Is there not something very commendable in her zeal, and noble in that friendship that so warmly regards our best interest? We protestants are more indifferent in this respect, and do not seek to secure our attachments to each other, farther than this short mortal life. Here they wish their amities to continue to all eternity! Indeed, as Mrs. Rowe says, a noble sincere friendship is hardly worth contracting, without such a hope; for otherwise, on how slender a thread does it hang! how liable to be broke! how short, at best, its duration!

I AM grave, my dear.—Ought I not, on such a subject? You'll not complain that I give you
the

the spleen; for none knows better than yourself how to time your gaiety; none can be more serious where seriousness is commendable.

I HAVE received my packet from England. How kind is my dear Mrs. Beverly! What obliging impatience does she express for my return! She desires me to delay it no longer than till her maid arrives to accompany me in my voyage. How my heart throbs with the agreeable prospect! I shall embrace this dear second mother, for such she emboldens me to call her; and I shall see my Clara too, and the rest of my valuable friends. How unspeakable will be my joy! Why does the sea divide us? I dread that inconstant element; but the weather is fine—I will try to get the better of my apprehensions. Yes, my dear, we shall meet again. How many things have I to say to you!—I am all impatience!

ADIEU! my friend. My best wishes to your sister. Love has certainly made her blind, not only, as is common to the imperfections of her swain, but to her own charms, when she dreaded a rival in your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

LETTER V.

TO MISS INDIANA DANBY.

LEND me some of your philosophy, my dear Indiana—How else shall I bear my dreadful disappointment! I am out of all patience—judge if I have not cause. It is the most severe mortification I ever met with. I must leave London. But that's a trifle—I must lose the long-wish'd for pleasure of seeing my friend. My aunt, good old lady! what a mal-a-propos season has she chosen for her sickness!—She could never have made me so heartily sorry for her as at this time.

I MUST attend her, it seems. She is rich, Mamma says, and fond of me in particular. Who knows what she may leave me, if she should take it into her head to make her exit? Hang her riches! she will rob me of a far greater treasure—the company of my Indiana.

BUT I must go—decency requires it. Intolerable! To be imprisoned in her old castle, with the chearful conversation of a sick, peevish, reverend virgin!—A lingering illness too, half real, half fancy! Oh! there's no end to it. Would it be a sin, do you think, to wish her out of this troublesome world? Don't be angry—but something very like this shoots across my thoughts now and then. One cannot always govern them, you know.

POOR Bevil is quite down in the mouth about it; he dares not to be merry when his sovereign lady is sad. I am half-pleased with him on the occasion—he seems so seriously to regret my disappointment—joins so fervently in your praise. You are an immense favourite with him, I can tell

tell you. It would be droll enough if you should strike up a match in my absence; but if you do, woe be to you: yet you are so much alike in your dispositions—such sober sentimental souls, that I am not without my fears on this account. I must secure some rural swain, in case of accidents, for I cannot bear the thoughts of having my train lessened. A fine lady, and without humble servants! Preposterous! 'tis as inconsistent as a knight-errant without a mistress.

My spirits sink—Alas! I must go. What a happy creature is Fanny! and, ah! what a wretch am I! I never envied my sister till now. She will see my friend, be blessed with her conversation—while I am banished to a dreary wilderness, barren of every joy. But write to me, Indiana—write. Every hour I shall live upon your letters. Be very minute; consider my natural curiosity; let me know all that passes. Let me have a description of your admirers, as you enlist them into your service. If Beverly is not of the number, I will never forgive you—for I am sure it will be your own fault.

WHAT! do you talk of gratitude? Mrs. Beverly is no stranger to your merit—tho' I rather wish you to torment him a little, than that he should torment you; which would certainly be the case if you took him for better for worse. I am called—Mamma wants me; to talk over my journey, I suppose. Provoking subject! Adieu, my dear Indiana—pity your poor disappointed

CLARA FREEMORE.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

To Miss FREEMORE.

THIS is not the town it used to be. No wonder! my dear Clara has left it, and robbed it of its greatest ornament. How much do I regret your absence! Are there no hopes of your aunt's recovery? Are we always to be separated? I have a thousand things to say to you, that appear too trifling to commit to black and white. No lover in Beverly!—You are a false prophetess. I knew you would not like me. He was at home when I arrived—handed me from the chaise, and eyed me with great attention; but, in spite of vanity, I must own it was without approbation. Mrs. Beverly introduced me to him as a sister—He smiled, and gallantly enough said, “I’ll allow her to be your daughter, Madam; but shall perhaps wish to change my part of the relationship.” No, no,” said that lady in the same tone, “I bar that; you cannot choose a better. What say you, Indiana?—Will you accept him as a brother.”

“If he will permit me to look upon him in that light,” said I, “I shall esteem it a happiness.”

HE bowed—and the conversation turned on my manner of life while abroad. The young gentleman was very lively on the subject, and rallied me with a good deal of wit, on my expressing my approbation of it. I defended my cause with some spirit—but he either would not, or did not, believe me serious. How vain are these men, to think themselves so necessary to our happiness! There is no persuading them out of these imaginary notions of importance.

“WELL,

"WELL, but what do you think of him?" you ask. "Is he not handsome, lively, de-gagé?" Yes, my dear, I own he is. Notwithstanding all you have wrote about him, I was struck with surprize. I think it is impossible to conceive a more elegant, noble figure—but no palpitation. To me, at least, his manner is not pleasing—he is too conscious of his perfections, and too satyrical in his conversation. His smiles indeed have great sweetness in them—but I am deceived if he thinks any woman worthy of his serious attachment. He is nice in his taste of beauty, a critic in the behaviour of ladies. I have studied his disposition, and am more inclined to fear than love him. He is polite to me, but indifferent almost to affectation. I believe, his pride is alarmed—lest I should, dependent as I am on his mother, presume to hope. Judge, from this account, if I am in any danger of feeling a partiality for him. No, my dear; he has humbled me—and I am angry at myself for being vex'd at it. Am I so void of charms, that he should think me unworthy of some of that unmeaning gallantry which he so liberally bestows on almost every woman he meets with? I dare not give way to my naturally-serious disposition, lest he should put a wrong construction on my pensive turn—for, I believe, he thinks he needs but be seen, to conquer. I am therefore more sprightly than you ever knew me; and sometimes venture to rally him on his vanity. He appears half-angry on these occasions, and endeavours to clear himself of the imputation with more gravity than I thought him capable of. As I neither wish, nor can hope to make a conquest of him, I strive to mortify his pride, by treating him with a negligent coolness. I believe, he is a little piqued at it. If we happen to meet with-

out

out any other company, he appears embarrassed—his conversation excessive stiff and formal. I often catch him looking at me, but with a scrutinizing eye, as if he was contemplating my defects; and one day he said, a little spitefully I thought, that no woman, in his opinion, could be tolerable with blue eyes. He is likewise prodigiously fond of a brown complexion—it is so lasting, he says, and smart women are generally of that colour. He likes music too, and is in raptures at a fine voice—yet he generally leaves the room when Mrs. Beverly makes me play or sing; tho' you have often told me I could do both tolerably well.

YOUR dear sister!—She certainly loves him!—I dare not flatter myself it is entirely a fondness for my company that induces her to see us so frequently. She often sighs and blushes when he is present. He is too artful for me to pretend to guess his sentiments—but, outwardly at least, he treats her with a flattering distinction. I'm in pain for her; as Fanny, if I mistake not, has strong passions—and is, at the same time, of a susceptible and tender disposition, which lays her more open to the attacks of love. She drank tea with us last night—as did the Miss L——'s, and the fair Jesse. I was diverted to see how artfully the wretch kept all these rival-ladies in good humour. He paid a compliment to one—glanc'd a tender look at the other—press'd the hand of a third—and all he did was so gay, so agreeable, that the dear creatures were delighted with him. Upon my word, Clara, our sex are very silly upon some occasions—I was half ashamed of being a woman.

TALKING of music—your sister was asked to play. She did so, and very prettily for a learner. Mr. B. placed himself behind her chair—and, like

like Milton's Adam, hung over her enamour'd. When she arose from the instrument, he led her to her seat—loaded with compliments and fine speeches. I was sorry when Mrs. Beverly insisted upon my following her example; and would have excused myself—but she was peremptory. I chose a little ballad, which begins:

“Amongst the men coquets we find.”

Mr. Beverly was so near, that, tho' he did not seem to listen, I was sure he must hear the words; and I thought them a little applicable.

WHEN I left off, he whispered me as I passed him, “Thank you—I know you would have been displeased if I had not felt your satire.”

“PROFIT by it then,” said I; “and I shall think my song well bestow'd.”

“WHAT! Are you whispering, Mr. Beverly?” cried Miss Jessy affectedly, “I'll lay my life, I was the subject—for you look'd at me while you spoke.”

“DOUBTLESS you were,” said he—“Can I think or talk of any thing else?”

“PHA!” said she simpering, and flirting her fan, “you are such a flatterer.”—

“SUCH a flatterer as you like, do you mean?” said he.—“Thank you, my dear Miss Jessy, I am naturally diffident; this obliging encouragement will embolden me.”—

“DEAR Mr. Beverly,” cried she, “how can you be so teizing?”

“AND dear Miss Jessy,” said he rising and taking her hand, “how can you be so handsome?”

—But come, complete your cruelty, and finish my death by your sweet voice.”

“OH! I protest and vow I can't sing,” said she.

"NAY, I know it is out of compassion to me, that you say so—but I'll try to survive it. Upon my soul, you must oblige me with one gentle air. I know you can if you will—for your voice, even in speaking, is harmony."

How easily are we persuaded of our own perfections! She took this compliment for gospel, and, without farther ceremony, began.—But such a songster!—Heavens! I sat upon thorns till it was over, and blush'd for her every line she scream'd.—But Beverly, with the most arch composure on his countenance, sat looking her full in the face, beating time with his foot. Yet could I see he had the greatest difficulty to suppress his laughter. What a feast was it for his vanity, to think how easily he could make a fool of her!

WHEN she had finished, he arose.—"Bravo!" cried he, taking her hand, "I knew you could sing—if it had not been for me, you'd have hid this incomparable talent in a napkin."

Miss smper'd, play'd with her fan, highly satisfied both with herself and him. You know, she is not overburdened with understanding—tho', if she was more diffident and less affected, every body would allow her to be pretty.

BUT are you not tired, my dear, with this trifling chit-chat? I assure you, I am—so will relieve us both by putting an end to this epistle. The dear convent! I shall never know such rational pleasure as I there experienced, till I am blessed with the company of my amiable Clara. How impatient am I for that happy time! Hasten it, if you love your affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S.

P. S. Now you are disappointed. Don't you miss something that you thought might have found place in this letter? Don't be uneasy—he is as well as can be expected. I saw him this morning. How sincerely does he love you! He could talk of nothing but the fair Clara.—No hopes of my rivalling you! He is a pattern for all lovers to copy after. I greatly esteem him, and think his person and manner both much improved since I saw him last. Will this satisfy you? I know you'd wish me to enlarge on this subject; but I have not time—I must dress, to attend Mrs. Beverly on some visits.—Adieu!

B 2

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LETTER VII.

To Miss DANBY.

HA! ha! ha! Such a pair of lovers! and a brace of billet-doux too!—Well done, Clara! Give her leave! Conquest attends my steps. Not the dear town only, but this savage desert gives proof of my power. No wonder I boast, if you knew all: but patience, child, and you shall. But first—here, Betty, take these two curious pieces of eloquence, fold them carefully in clean paper, and return them to their respective composers.—And now, Indiana, attend.

You must know, I went last night, with my good aunt's permission (who, by the bye, is rather on the mending hand; thanks to my care!) I went, I say, with a neighbouring family, to a country ball, held on account of the assizes at —k. I promised myself some diversion from the rustics I expected to meet with there; nor was I disappointed.—As a fine lady, a town-bred lady, I proposed to give myself a few airs: nothing like them, you know, to shew one is a person of consequence!—A woman of fashion is easily distinguished, by an easy assurance, a knack of staring people out of countenance, a loud voice in speaking, a supercilious scrutinizing air, and so on.—To create the more wonderment, I determined to dress myself quite in a new taste, not only from what is worn in London, but any where else that I know of. Oh! the pleasure of setting all the county belles at work, to imitate me! I make no doubt but I shall see them all next Sunday at church (for that, in this place of elegance, is the grand rendezvous where they exhibit their finery); I shall see them, I say, in my

my new-invented, fantastical head-dress! Dear creature! how much are they obliged to me for giving them employment so much to the taste of every female!

WELL, my dear, I went—seated myself in the assembly-room, sufficiently stared at, but with looks of diffidence and respect. The richness of my cloaths, and a certain negligent, easy air, that spoke me used to good company, secured me a good reception.—Pride, that diffusive quality, does by no means confine itself to the beau monde; it has now its residence in these once simple gentry, as much, or more, than there; and I could observe, that a 'squire's lady holds her head some inches higher than her neighbours of inferior rank.—Fine cloaths too have great sway: a lass with a new gown, and a profusion of ribbands, is a creature of far more importance than one whose apparel is soiled, or shews her dearth of troluppees (as they call them) by too often exhibiting the same garment. Human nature, how art thou degenerated!

BUT to resume my subject.—The officers of a regiment, quartered at —k, made the most conspicuous figures among the male part of the audience: yet your marchers, you know—every officer is not a beau of the foot guards.—On the entrance of one of these heroes, “Here comes “M—,” cried a damsel that sat before me, “I wonder who he'll dance with to-night!” “Who!” answered another, “with the lady that is finest, to be sure!” This made me give some attention to the person they were talking of. He was tall, and clumsy enough not to have disparaged the profession of a plow-boy; yet with this figure, which stooped too to add to its gracefulness, he had ornamented himself with a tawdry

kind of foppishness, wearing a bag, and a large solitaire, which was not calculated to shew a short neck to the best advantage; nor did it diminish the breadth of a face, otherwise healthy and not ill looked. Yet this beau, such as he is, was, I found by the two prating Misses who sat before me, an universal favourite of the belles of —k.

ANOTHER object, no less original, now engrosses all my attention. 'This was a youth of a very different make; one whose delicate complexion shewed he had never suffered the breath of Heaven to visit his face too roughly: a delicate swain, whose shape and limbs were so slender that they seemed scarce able to support a head that, by its stooping, appeared too heavy for the body:—yet it was not a weight of brains, but hair that made it so ponderous.—The hair! ha! ha! ha!—what a fruse! birds might snug and safely lodge in its branches! The side locks hung like a pair of dangling spaniel's ears. But you know there is nothing unnatural in a puppy's having long ears.—Then the swain was so courtly, forth; the very pink of good breeding! so assiduous about the ladies, it did one's heart good to see him address them.

BUT now entered a little brisk man of war, a spruce fellow; his cloaths so short, and so tight, he seemed pinioned: his jet-black hair, bound in a club, scorning the aid of powder; not a single hair suffered to straggle, or incommode his face or ears.—What a happy contrast to the former! such a triumvirate! how diverting!

BUT I must stop my pen—it is impossible to describe all the oddities, male and female, of this brilliant assembly. Let this specimen suffice.—We began dancing. My kind stars ordained me the happiness of having Mr. M. for a partner.—I determined

determined to plague him a little; so left his happy invention to furnish out a conversation.—Poor soul! how he was put to it! his toes were cramped up, his brains rack'd for want of a subject; often did his lips move, without knowing what he was going to utter; then closed again, as a fruitless attempt.—I could hardly keep my countenance.—At last—for speak he thought he must—he wisely observed, “It was a very pretty dance.” “Do you think so?” said I; “wherein does its beauty consist? I know you can give just reasons for what you assert; for you have a good while, I observe, been considering the point:—but you are right; I love people should think before they speak. One could not have expected so good a thing, as this you have just uttered to come from a person extempore.”

How the man stared!—“Ma—dam,” stammered he, “I am in no haste.”

“SIR,” said I, interrupting him, “take time; you’ll be the more clear when you deliver your sentiments.”

THIS speech quite dumbfounded him; but luckily our being obliged to go down the dance, made it needless for him to answer. When we got to the bottom, I spitefully sat down, that I might give him the pleasure of talking. He looked this way, and that, as if for assistance. I was highly diverted. “What are you looking at so earnestly?” asked I; “it must surely be worth notice, since it so intirely engrosses your attention.”

“WHO!—mine!” cried he, staring, “no, upon my word, I was looking at nothing.”

“AT nothing!” said I laughing, “that’s an uncommon object indeed: pray shew it to me!”

"DEAR Madam," said he, "you banter me!"

"HEAVEN forbid!" cried I, "a gentleman of your gravity!—it would ill become me."

BUT hark! Indiana! I hear my aunt's voice; she's coming. I must hide my letter; for I know if she saw it, I should have a tedious lecture against being ill-naturedly satirical.—Adieu! If I should be in the humour, and do not forget it before then, I will give you the remainder of my adventures in my next. Yours, in haste.

CLARA FREEMORE.



LETTER VIII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

IN return for your too-satirical description of your lovers, give me leave to introduce one of mine; a very pretty fellow, let me tell you, but somewhat stricken in years, not much more than sixty,—a Baronet, though—take that along with you—Sir Joseph Ward.—Such an original! What do you think of a beau at that age, dressed to an excess of the fashion, and so lively and alert? 'Tis so long since he was born, that he has quite forgot his age. Then he is so gallant, so officious—holding one's fan, fetching one's gloves, and doing one's little errands so readily and with such a nimble dancing air, that, I protest, I think he is one of the most completely ridiculous creatures I ever met with. How is it possible we should think his manners tolerable in any body!—And yet a young beau, tho' full as antic, is thought no disagreeable character.

THE

THE first time I had the pleasure of seeing this venerable Knight was last Monday, when he dined with us. I was struck the moment he made his appearance, dressed in a suit of figured silk, quite in the French taste; a solitaire and bag fastened to the bottom of a little wig, that hardly covered the crown of his head, and scorned to come within sight of his ears; or perhaps was unwilling to hide his own natural grey locks, that hung—not at all in the ringlet way—two or three inches below it. Only imagine to yourself a jolly old head ornamented in such a manner.—How you would have laughed, had you been with us! Then he was so officiously polite you could not move, nor turn your head; but he was on his feet to know if you wanted any thing. He almost pushed me down, with a sudden race he took to move my chair from the air of the window, lest, as he said, I should receive any prejudice from that situation; for he knew several ladies who had taken cold from it. In vain I pleaded that it was agreeable to me, and what I was accustomed to:—I could not be heard, but was forced to submit.

I HAD left my fan on the table, and rose to fetch it:—up he got, but I was too nimble for him. “Ah! cruel!” said he, with a ridiculously languishing air, “to deprive me of the transcendent felicity of serving you! My whole desire and study is to be useful to your fair sex; and let me tell you, Madam, I have the honour to be very well received amongst them.”

“WHO can doubt it?” said I; “a gentleman of your accomplishments.”—

“OH! dear Madam,” said he, bowing, and putting his spread hand on his breast, “you do me too much honour—you flatter; I dare not hope you think favourably of me.”

“ You are too diffident,” said I; “ and forget that you said just now, you were well received among the fair sex—and shall I only be blind to your merit?”

“ My dear Madam, I shall be too proud,” said he,—“ a lady of your discernment! Help me, Mr. Beverly, I want words to express my gratitude; the time has been that I could have made a more shining figure.”

“ WHAT time?” said I, “ Sir Joseph?—You surely have no reason to look backward, in order to establish your character as a fine gentleman. Are you not now as completely so as ever?”

“ AH! Madam,” said he, sighing, “ I was what I cannot now pretend to—yet, thank Heaven, I have no great reason to complain; I am not yet so old”——

“ OLD!” cried I, interrupting him, “ you amaze me; I protest, I should not have taken you for much above sixty—but for those diffident hints about your age.”

He stared. “ Sixty! Madam—Sixty!” repeated he; “ you are pleased to be merry—but I assure you—I—I”——

“ WHAT have I done?” said I, interrupting him. “ Have I been so unhappy as to offend you? Sixty is the time of life I have a passion for—Men may be reckoned at age before that, but not at the age of discretion.”

“ NAY, I protest, Madam,” said he, brightening up, “ though I have no pretension to such a number of years, yet I have known very lively agreeable men that were more than that.”

“ AGREEABLE!” said I, “ did you think I joked then, when I professed my taste for them?”

“ WHY,

"WHY, I don't know, Madam," said he; "you looked, I thought, a little archly—yet you have the character of a very prudent young lady."

A SUMMONS to dinner put an end to this conversation. He scuttled forward, to lead me to the dining-room. I pointed to Mrs. Beverly.—"Oh! intolerable rudeness!" cried he; "what could I be thinking of?—but your divine charms have such an attraction."—He immediately went to that lady, whom he led along, as upright as a dart.

MR. Beverly whispered, as he took my hand, "I give you joy of your conquest; you'll make a pretty suitable match."

"THE mind," said I, "should be the principal object of our regard; and, in that, he is as youthful as myself."

"TRUE," answered he, smiling; "his understanding is still in its childhood—young enough in all conscience!"

AT dinner the knight's officiousness put every thing into confusion—the sauce was spilled, in his over-eagerness to help us—plates dashed one against another.—In short, I never saw a more laughable mortal.

A GOOD deal of company in the afternoon delivered me from his persecution; because I took care to place myself at as great a distance from him as possible.—But had you seen his ridiculous ogling, you'd have been out of conceit with eyes for a twelve-month after.

As I was sitting at work this morning, Mrs. Beverly, with great gravity taking off her spectacles, and looking at me for a few minutes——

"Indiana," said she, "I am going to ask you a question or two; and remember, I expect a serious answer." I was surprized at this address,

dress, and could not help blushing.—“ I see you
“ guess the subject I am going to talk to you
“ upon?”

“ UPON my word!—How can you think
“ so?” said I, in some confusion—for I really
thought she was going to tax me with liking her
son; and though I am perfectly innocent, yet I
know mothers are very suspicious, and easily
alarmed.

I WAS going to proceed—when she dissipated
my fears, by asking me what I thought of Sir
Joseph?

“ OF Sir Joseph?” said I, “ dear Madam,
“ why this question? and so gravely asked
“ too?”

“ GRAVELY!” said she, smiling; “ Ought
“ I not?—Matrimony is a serious subject.”

“ MATRIMONY!” cried I, surprized—“ Sir
“ Joseph and matrimony are ideas I should never
“ have joined.”

“ No!” said she—“ yet Sir Joseph thinks
“ Indiana and matrimony very consistent.”

“ NOT with his age, I hope,” said I—“ Sure
“ you rally me.”

No,” said she, “ I am very serious; he loves
“ you, and has applied to me for liberty to pay
“ his address to you.”

“ OH, Heavens!” said I, laughing; “ and
“ could you, Madam, give him any encourage-
“ ment in so ridiculous a scheme?”

“ THAT I leave to you,” said she; “ I have
“ no right to give any thing but my advice.—
“ He is rich, good-natured, and has a title.”

“ TRUE, Madam; but not to my esteem or
“ love.—’Tis not so much his age, as his ridicu-
“ lous character, that I should object to.”

“ Hx

"HE is, it must be owned," said Mrs. Beverly, endeavouring to stifle a laugh, "a little uncommon in his conversation and manner; but"—

"BUT what, dear Madam?" said I, interrupting her, "do you seriously wish to recommend him to me?—I should be sorry, if"—

"DON'T be uneasy, my dear," said she; "I do not, nor ever shall, seek to lay any constraint on your inclination. I have fulfilled my promise. If you could think of taking him, it would be what the world would call a great match for you—but I cannot think of pressing you to what, I fear, could never make you happy."

I took her hand. "Oh! my more than parent," said I, "how good, how considerate you are! What a relief is this kind assurance to my grateful heart! I feared you wished me to consent—and, Heaven knows, I would have struggled, whatever pain it had cost me, I would have strove to obey you. But you do not think I could be happy with him; so far from it, I must have been miserable. Complete your goodness, dear Madam, and let him know that I cannot accept the honour he intends me."

"HE will not, I fear," said Mrs. Beverly, "take a refusal from me, or any person but yourself—as his vanity will not let him despair pleading his cause more successfully."

"OH! if it is possible," said I, "spare me the disagreeable task of seeing him."

I WAS proceeding—when Mr. B. made his appearance.—"You are come in good time," said Mrs. Beverly, "to advise your sister in an affair of importance. I have been talking to her of
"matri-

"matrimony, and we want your opinion of your intended brother."

"It will have little weight, I suppose," said he, "since she has already made her choice."—He spoke this with an air that I could not account for, except that he had met with something to put him out of humour.

"As Mr. Beverly declines giving his opinion, said I, "with your leave, Madam, I will continue in my first resolution."

THE gloom in Mr. Beverly's countenance increased; and he asked, with some hesitation, "if he might so far be admitted into my secrets, as to know the name of the happy man that had made so great a progress in my affection?"—"So great a progress!" said I—"Who told you he had?"—"I beg your pardon," said he, "for supposing you had thoughts of marriage from such unfashionable motives."—"You are mistaken again," said I; "for if ever I do marry, those motives, however unfashionable, shall be my inducement."—"Well, dear Madam," said he, peevishly, "am I to be favoured with his name or not, without any more circumlocution?"—"Yes, Sir," said I; "though, I think, you might have had sagacity enough to guess it could have been no other than the accomplished Sir Joseph."—"What! the old beau!" cried he, with a loud laugh. His ill humour immediately vanished, and he rallied me with great spirit on the occasion.

OH! my dear, Sir Joseph is below, and intreats the favour of an audience for a few minutes, as he worded it to the servants. I must go—Adieu—I will resume my pen as soon as he is gone.

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

LETTER IX.

To Miss FREEMORE.

I HAVE given the Knight his final answer, and sent him off in doleful dumps. I would have given you the particulars of the ridiculous scene between us, but that something more interesting now employs my thoughts.

MR. and Mrs. Beverly, Lady Ramsay, and your humble servant, were at the play last night; where the first scene was hardly over, not without much noise and hissing, when a dreadful riot began in the pit. The confusion was soon general, by the gentlemen in the boxes endeavouring to quell it. Mr. Beverly had left us, to speak to some company in the opposite side of the house, and the crowd that filled the passage prevented him from returning to us.—I was terrified to death; so were the other ladies. I did not know whether to keep my seat, or endeavour to get out.

WHILE I was with great agitation asking Mrs. Beverly what we should do, the box door flew open, and a crowd of gentlemen rushed in. I screamed, and almost fainted. One of them, dressed in regimentals, endeavoured to persuade them to go out again. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "consider the ladies: make room for me to get them from hence, then do as you will. Come, Madam," said he, holding out his hand, "trust yourself with me; I'll try to get you to your carriage."

I HAD not power to thank him, but joyfully took hold of his arm, while, with great difficulty, he forced a passage for us through the crowd.—Just as we got to the passage, I saw Mr. Beverly struggling

struggling (his sword drawn) to get to our relief. As soon as he saw me, he redoubled his efforts, and sprung towards me. "Sir," said he, with an angry air, "this lady wants no further assistance from you; I will now protect her."

"WILL you?" said the other with fierceness; "Who are you that take upon you to direct me? I shall not quit my lovely charge, till she herself shall command it."

I WAS now more alarmed than ever, lest a quarrel should ensue; and hastily cried out, "Oh! my dear brother, are you come at last? for Heaven's sake, take care of Mrs. Beverly."

"PARDON me, Sir," said the officer; "if this lady is your sister, I will willingly resign her to your care, while I return to the other ladies."

HE did not wait for an answer, but, leaving me with Mr. Beverly, was instantly divided from us.

"COME," said Mr. Beverly, "if you'll permit me the same happiness that you granted that other gentleman, I will endeavour to get you to the coach." By this time the crowd was a little dispersed, so that we effected it with more ease than I imagined we should.

As soon as he had placed me in the carriage, he flew back to see for Mrs. Beverly. I spent a few uneasy moments, for fear that lady should have met with any accident; but I was relieved, when I saw her led towards me by the truly gallant and obliging officer. Mr. Beverly came a moment after with Lady Ramsay. How many thanks did we return the stranger, who received our praises with a becoming modesty; and, wishing us good night, left us.

As we drove home, nothing was talked of but the riot, and the politeness of the stranger. Mr. Beverly did not seem to relish the last part of the subject, and cursed the crowd that had prevented him from coming soon enough, since such trifling services were rewarded with such high encomiums.

As he handed me from the coach, he sighed, and whispered, "Oh! Indiana, I can no longer act under this disguise." I was amazed!—What could he mean by that speech? My spirits had been greatly agitated; my head ached violently; and I found myself ready to faint.—Mrs. Beverly ordered some drops; but, before they could be got, I fell back in my chair almost senseless. Every body ran to my assistance. Mr. Beverly knelt by me, his eyes fixed on my face, with earnest tenderness assiduously endeavouring to recover me. Is not this surprising? What can he mean by this change in his behaviour? I must be upon my guard, knowing how artful he is. When I was a little better, I retired to my apartment; but could not rest, owing to my fatigue, I suppose.

WE had just breakfasted this morning, when a servant informed us Colonel Manly was come to wait on us. "Colonel Manly!" cried Mr. Beverly, "who the devil's he?" "Shew him in," said Mrs. Beverly; "I dare say, it is our last night's acquaintance." His entrance convinced us she was right in her conjecture.

"I CALLED, Ladies," said he, with a very graceful air, "impatient to know how you were after your fright." Mrs. Beverly told him, she was "extremely obliged to him for his politeness, as well as the timely assistance he had afforded us in our distress." He bowed, and waved the subject.

I WAS

I WAS much pleased with his behaviour and conversation; his person too is extremely handsome.—I thought the hour or two very agreeably spent that he staid with us. He was particularly obliging to me, but without any common-place compliments: his eyes only were permitted to tell me he thought me agreeable. They, indeed, might have made me vain, but I durst not credit their language.—Mr. Beverly watched our looks, and seemed to wish his visit over; yet he behaved to him with great civility.

WHEN he took his leave, Mrs. Beverly gave him a polite invitation to renew his visits whenever it would be agreeable to him; to which he answered by a low and very respectable bow.—When he was gone, I went up to my dressing-room, where I had not been two minutes when I was surprized by the entrance of Mr. Beverly.—He looked round, to see if we were alone; then, shutting the door, approached me.—“Who do you want, Mr. Beverly?” said I.

“NOBODY,” answered he, “but yourself. Oh! my adorable Indiana,” continued he, kneeling, “permit me to give vent to the smothered flame that devours me.—Heaven knows, with what fervour, with what constancy I have loved my angel, from the first moment I beheld her charms!”

“You amaze me, Sir,” said I; “pray, pray, rise: am I to believe you serious?—or do you mean to mock and insult me?”

“Mock you!” cried he, with earnestness, “how unjust to suspect me!—And can you, Madam, have so despicable an opinion of me? At least, be more sensible of your own beauty, than to think it possible. No, my lovely Indiana, you are dearer to me than my own
“soul.

"soul. Does not every day discover new charms in you?"

"I MUST not hear you," said I; "ought I? can I forget what I owe to the friendship of Mrs. Beverly?"

"No, my dear, my grateful Indiana," said he, "you need not forget it: she loves you, and I do not despair of her consent: it is not hers—but your refusal I dread. Can you," added he, taking my hand and pressing it to his breast, "can you be prevailed on to think favourably of the till now gay and inconstant, but altered Beverly? altered by the mighty power of love! Take me, Indiana, take my heart, and mould it to your pleasure!"

"SPARE me, Sir," said I; "you force me to commit a crime (for such I must esteem it) to listen to a discourse of this nature, without the knowledge of my benefactress. But tell me one thing—Why have you till now treated me with such uncommon indifference, if you have, as you would persuade me, so long had a partiality for me?"

"BECAUSE," answered he, "I have ever dreaded to feel a serious passion, and strove to steel my breast against it. The moment I beheld you, I feared my danger: but, when I found resistance was vain against such powerful charms, I still persevered in my conduct, believing your heart was not to be conquered in the common way. I wished to see you piqued at my coolness. I thought it would surprise you, conscious as you must be of your attractions; and, knowing how sensible I am of beauty, I judged by myself, and thought you would take some pains where the conquest seemed difficult. I hoped this desire would awaken your attention for me—What shall I say,

“ say, my beloved Indiana?—I hardly knew how
 “ to act, where hopes and fears were so blended,
 “ and where my whole happiness was at stake.
 “ But now farewell all painful disguises! I call
 “ heaven and earth to witness, that I love with
 “ as sincere, as perfect a passion, as ever warmed
 “ the breast of man.—Speak, dear bewitching
 “ creature,” added he, “ dare I flatter myself?”
 —He fixed his eyes on my face.—“ Not one
 “ look,” continued he, “ cruel Indiana!”

HE was silent.—“ Once more,” said I, “ I
 “ must intreat you to spare me on this subject.
 “ Honour and gratitude forbid me to listen to
 “ you. Leave me then, Sir, if you have that
 “ regard you profess—do not continue to endanger
 “ my happiness, by subjecting me to the displea-
 “ sure of my friend.”

“ I WILL leave you,” said he, “ whatever
 “ pain it costs me. But first give me some glim-
 “ mering of hope that you will not reject me, if
 “ all other obstacles are removed. Do not”—

“ FORGIVE me, Sir; I must interrupt you.”
 said I—“ those obstacles that you seem to make,
 “ light of, appear to me insurmountable. It
 “ will be time enough then to reveal my senti-
 “ ments.—But, as a friend, I would advise you
 “ to conquer a passion so ill-placed. No doubt,
 “ Mrs. Beverly expects you to seek an alliance
 “ more worthy of your rank and fortune.”

“ OH! Indiana,” said he, sighing, “ how
 “ coolly you reason! I see, alas! your heart is
 “ not interested in my happiness. Why do you
 “ not tell me at once, to complete your cruelty,
 “ that you despise a heart that is, I own, unworthy
 “ your acceptance?”

“ How strangely you talk!” said I; “ this
 “ humility is affected. You cannot be ignorant
 “ of your merit—but time only can determine
 “ how

"how I ought to act. Leave me now, I beseech you. We may be observed—and my conduct censured, notwithstanding my innocence."

"I go," said he, taking my hand: "Permit me this small favour," putting it to his lips, "till I may more justly aspire to greater. I will endeavour to be silent, till my love is consistent with my duty. I do not despair of that happy time.—But, oh! my Indiana, strive to find some good qualities in the man that adores you." So saying, with a respectful bow, he left me, agitated and surprised at what had passed; for, believe me, it never once entered my head that he liked me—on the contrary, I really thought I was his aversion. What a schemer he is, my dear! and, I fear, too successfully so! This is taking one by surprise; yet will I endeavour to forget him as a lover, till Mrs. Beverly gives a sanction to it—which I have great reason to believe she never will.

BUT do you not wonder that I should in the least desire such an union to take place, considering his lively and inconstant turn? Alas! my dear, the heart is deceitful—It has softened those things, which I at first thought faults, into a becoming gaiety, flowing from a cheerful disposition elate with health and prosperity.—What a mist does the little god, assisted by beauty, cast before our eyes! How does he bias our reason, and make one love what perhaps one ought to hate!—I speak freely to you, my friend.—Shall I, as an apology for my weakness, throw the blame on human nature, now so visibly degenerate and imperfect?—But, perhaps, you'll think I need none for being sensible to the charms of wit, sense, and a fine person. But, however indulgent you may be, however strong the temptation,

temptation, I will not disgrace our friendship by acting meanly. No!—gratitude shall be my ruling principle, and keep this infant flame in subjection. Return, my beloved Clara, and strengthen these resolutions. I am in a critical situation, and more than ever want your presence and direction. I dare not make a confidante of your amiable sister, fearing to give her pain: for, you know, we have suspicion; which, I hope, is groundless.—This letter is of an enormous length.—Adieu!



LETTER X.

TO MISS FREEMORE.

NOW, my dear, if you should return, we shall still be separate, without you will have the goodness to pass a few months with us in the country; for we shall leave town in less than a week. Do, dear Clara, favour me with your company there. Tho' you are tired with retirement, will not the conversation of your friend make it tolerable? I must not be refused.—But who knows when you will have it in your power to oblige me, as your aunt still continues ill? Heaven grant her recovery!

How tedious does your absence appear to me, and one more at least! Poor man! he droops, and mourns the absence of his mate. When you are from him, every place is desert. He is to be here this afternoon; as is your mamma, sister—and to crown all, the accomplished Colonel Manly. I wish Fanny and he may take it into their heads to fall in love with one another. I think

think they are a little alike. He has just such languishing black eyes, and his smiles have much of her sweetness. Who knows what may happen? I am sure you would approve of your brother-in-law. I must attend my toilette—but will not close my letter till I see if my wishes are likely to take effect with regard to the handsome pair.—Adieu! then, for the present.

Miss DANBY in continuation.

I HAVE passed an agreeable evening. Can you doubt it, when I tell you I sat next to Mr. Beverly?—and you may guess our subject. But, intent as I was upon what never fails to interest me, I did not neglect to watch your fair sister and the colonel. But, alas! all was cool and negligent on both sides. Fanny's eyes were otherwise employed—and so would I say were the swain's, if you'll excuse my vanity.—Seriously, my dear, they said some very civil things to me, tho' I durst hardly examine, for Mr. Beverly; who cast some upbraiding glances at me when I happened, with any degree of attention, to listen, or smile my approbation to the many good things he uttered. Our situation put me in mind of the song—"Doll lov'd Harry passing well—but Harry
"he lov'd Molly," &c. &c.

ALAS! my dear, I am convinced our conjectures are too well founded.—A noise in the street drew us to the window—Mr. Beverly chose that where I was; and, suspecting no witnesses, made use of some tender expressions, in a low voice—at the same time attempting to take my hand, which I withdrew—and, turning to leave him, who should I find close behind us but your sister—who immediately retired.—I followed her; she sat down on the first seat she came
to,

to, pale as death—but, affecting to smile when she saw me—“What ridiculously weak spirits!” said she; “the mob have frightened me—I thought they were fighting.” I affected to believe this to be the cause of her emotion—but the real motive was too visible. For the rest of the evening, the dear creature hardly opened her lips; and once or twice, after looking at Mr. Beverly with some attention, I could observe a tear attempting to force a passage from her fair eyes. Mine was ready to accompany her; but I strove to suppress them.

BEVERLY is greatly altered; he no longer enlivens the conversation by his wit and raillery—but is quite absent and inattentive. I wonder Mrs. Beverly does not take notice of this change. I fancy, he wishes she would, that he might have an opportunity of revealing a secret that gives him manifest pain to conceal. Ah! Clara, I feel for him. Am I not naturally tender-hearted? He is thin, and looks pale too. How much more effectually does this plead in his favour, than the most eloquent language!

WHAT will become of me in the country? Shady groves and murmuring streams are dangerous companions to a heart in the least tinged with a certain passion. Then too it will be impossible to avoid him so much as here, where we are scarce an hour without company. Adieu! my dear—I must end abruptly; for I shall be too late for the post. Write often—and believe me your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

LETTER XI.

To Miss DANBY.

I KNEW it—I was sure he loved you an age ago. Where was your discernment, that did not discover it before.—Heigh ho! Poor Fanny! If she's now for a single life, I have a charming piece of news for her, and you too, my dear; for, to be sure, you are as fond as ever of a nunnery; and, thank Heaven, your religion need now be no obstacle to the putting of your favourite scheme in practice. I can tell you, the absence of the male creatures, and the dreary life I live here, have half determined me to lead apes myself; and now that there is such a delightful opportunity too——But attend:

As I was taking an airing on horse-back this morning, the fineness of the day insensibly led me to a great distance from my aunt's—and I don't know how far I might have rambled, if my horse had not stopt at a gate; which awakened me from my reverie. But the sight of a Gothic pile of building, romantically situated, tempted me to dismount to take a nearer view of it. I left my horse with the servant that attended me—and, getting over the stile, walked up to the house.

I WAS greatly pleased with its appearance, and stood looking at it with attention—when, behold the door opened, and an elderly woman, whom by her dress I imagined to be a servant of the family, came out. I waited impatiently for her approach—and, when she was near enough, very civilly asked who lived in that sweet retirement? “Several ladies,” answered she; “but if you have any curiosity to know more of them, I will conduct you into the house, where you’ll
C “be

" be made extremely welcome to spend an hour
 " or two. If you have not been here before,
 " you will not, I dare say, think your time ill
 " bestowed."

THIS invitation was droll enough, I thought. I determined, however, to accept of it. I might have been more cautious in town; but in the innocent country, one has no cause to dread stratagems of iniquity. I therefore thanked the good woman—and, without more ceremony, followed her into a large parlour, the furniture of which was elegantly simple. After waiting a few minutes, an elderly lady of graceful appearance made her entrance, and accosted me with great politeness.

I APOLOGIZED a little awkwardly for my curiosity, and the liberty it had prompted me to take.—" Make no excuses," said she; " I shall take a pleasure in satisfying it. If you have any inclination to see the house and garden, I am at your service, and will accompany you."

I THANKED her—and she led me into a little Eden. I never saw so enchanting a spot of ground. Art and Nature had exerted their utmost efforts to render it delightful; but it was so extensive, that I had not time to see half its beauties.

" I SHALL fatigue you," said the obliging lady, " if I lead you any further. Some other day, if you will do me the honour to renew your visit, I will shew you some improvements further from the house, that are more worthy of your notice."

" Is it possible?" said I. " Can any thing be more charming than the beautiful walks we have just been in? How happy must the inhabitants be!"

" THE

"THEY are," said the lady—"yet few in the gay, busy world, would think their situation tolerable.—Even you, Madam, will perhaps change your opinion, when I tell you, you are in a nunnery."

"NUNNERY!" cried I amazed, "How is that possible in a Protestant country?"—"Tis even so," said she; "and, what will still increase your surprise, in a nunnery of Protestants!"—I stared."—"I will explain the wonder," said she, "when we get into the house."

WHEN we were seated, she began as follows:—"After experiencing many vicissitudes in life," said she, "all which had convinced me of the justness of the prophet's assertion, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, I found myself, at the age of forty, possessed of a very large independent fortune; which was left me by a distant relation, from whom I had never had the smallest expectations. This unlook'd for acquisition opened to me a prospect of felicity. I now began to fancy happiness within my reach; but when the novelty was over, it ceased to affect me. I had no longer youth, or beauty, to give a relish to the amusements and pleasures of the world. I therefore determined to try what satisfaction retirement could give me; but here I found society was necessary to happiness. Constant thinking preyed upon my spirits; and I longed for the joys of friendship. But where should I find that inestimable blessing? Two or three sensible women, of my own age and disposition, would, I thought, delightfully enliven my solitude. While I was forming a thousand different plans of life, the serene joys of a Nunnery struck my imagination.—Alas!" said I, "why are they of a different faith? how hap-

“py should I be to spend my life amongst them!
 “With what calmness would my days glide on!
 “What a pleasing mixture of society and retire-
 “ment do they enjoy!—How free from care!

“THESE thoughts made a strong impression
 “on my mind.—Why can we not have nume-
 “ries in England for Protestants?” thought I.
 “Sure they would soon be filled. How many
 “are compelled to live in the world, after they
 “are sick of its delusive joys, for want of such
 “an institution! Numbers, whose small for-
 “tunes render them independent, might there
 “enjoy their liberty, at least as far as they re-
 “garded it.—In short, I was so convinced of the
 “utility of a plan of that nature, that I deter-
 “mined to employ my fortune to promote it.”

“THUS resolved, I communicated my inten-
 “tions to a pious, sensible clergyman; who
 “promised me assistance in the execution of it.
 “He had a numerous acquaintance; amongst
 “whom he soon found some, who joyfully em-
 “braced the proposal of retiring with me.
 “There were but two requisites that I insisted
 “on, in the persons that were to be admitted as
 “my companions; these were, good nature,
 “and a genteel education: as to fortune, a large
 “one would be no objection, nor should a small
 “one be any obstacle. I likewise advised none
 “to think of entering into that way of life, but
 “those who had seen a good deal of the world,
 “and who left it from a conviction of its vanity;
 “not from pique, or any recent disappointment,
 “the force of which might wear off, and the
 “relish for it, when too late, return: for I de-
 “termined, that we would so far imitate the
 “convents abroad, as to vow a single life, and
 “confinement to one fixed habitation; and this,
 “because the mind is so changeable, that we
 “could

"could expect no regularity without such a restraint: for otherwise, at every turn of our humours, every trifle that gave us the least disgust (as things of that kind will happen in families,) we should be for separating: but, when we knew it was out of our power to change, we should, for our own sakes, be more attentive to promote each other's felicity."

"In short, Madam, for I fear I tire your patience, in a few months there were ten sensible, agreeable women, besides myself, that determined to take the veil as soon as we could meet with a house proper for our purpose. This was recommended, and approved by us all; and here we fixed for life, never going without the bounds of our garden walls, except upon acts of necessity and mercy.—On these occasions, our vow does not bind; for, though we have renounced the pleasures of the world, we have not our distressed fellow creatures.—Our devotion does not, like our foreign sisterhood, consist in penance and mortification; but in endeavouring to administer our wealth to the necessity of our poor brethren. I do not speak from ostentation," continued she; "but to clear us from the censures of forsaking our posts, in a state where we have each a task enjoined us; and where we ought not to think we have a right to live for ourselves only, but should strive to be serviceable to each other.—Here we can put that duty in practice, more than in any other station; as we seek not the superfluities, but the necessary comforts, of life: so that the talents Heaven has entrusted us with are not squandered; but bestowed in such a manner, as that

“ we hope to render our accounts to our Lord, when he comes, with joy, and not with grief.”

“ AH! Madam,” said I, “ you have given me a high entertainment.—What a happy life do you lead!—How wise, how commendable is your choice!—

“ WE think it so,” said she; “ nor do I believe there is one of us that would wish to be absolved from her vow. Yet would I not recommend our example to any body, without great deliberation;—not till the affections are thoroughly weaned from the world, and their hopes strongly fixed on a better life. Then they will taste a true satisfaction in a place so calculated to promote this end, so free from temptation:—for our passions are like flint; the fire lies dormant, till struck by the steel. —Some people think, they will be full as troublesome in retirement, as in the world; but they speak without experience.—Believe me, they are easily governed, where there are no objects to excite them.—But enough on one subject,” added she; “ I fear, I grow tedious. Will it be agreeable to you to pay a visit to the rest of the sisterhood? you’ll find them all busy, and, I hope, not unprofitably.”

I CONSENTED to her proposal; and she led me into a large room, well furnished. At one end, were instruments of music; at the other, a handsome library. Here I found about fourteen ladies, all dressed in white; one of whom was reading, while the rest were employed at their needle; not in embroidery, but in making gowns, shifts, and petticoats, for the poor.

THEY received me politely. I was charmed with their looks, that plainly shewed they were contented, and at peace within themselves.—I

fat down among them, and the conversation became general; which, tho' grave, was embellished with such innocent chearfulness, that I was sorry my time would not permit me to lengthen my visit.

WHEN I took my leave, I received a polite invitation to renew it as often as I thought it agreeable.—As the lady was conducting me out, she stopped; and, opening a door, shewed me a very neat chapel, which was divided in the middle by a large iron grate.—“This part of it,” said she, “is for the use of our convent; the other side is for the clergyman, and such people of the neighbouring village as choose to meet here for divine service, which is performed twice a week, besides Sundays; when we have not only prayers, but a sermon. The worthy man, who officiates, was a curate, with a very small income, and a large family.—We have now had the happiness of making his circumstances easy—He is of infinite use to us, as well in exciting as directing us to proper objects of charity.”—

“I AM amazed,” said I, “that I should have been so long ignorant of so uncommon, so well regulated a society.—Fame is unjust to your merit, not to spread it in the world.”—“We do not wish to be much known,” said she; “curiosity would procure us many visitors, which would engross too much of that time we dare not squander. We have some friends, who are desired to mention us, when they meet with any lady whose circumstances would make such a retirement agreeable.”—“Then I am surprised,” said I, “that your society is not larger.”

“IT might,” answered she; “but we are very cautious whom we admit. One unhappy temper would destroy the peace of us all.”

WHAT! yawning? Indiana. I thought you loved grave subjects.—But too much of one thing—Well then, to satisfy you, I will drop it:—for, to say truth, I’m half tired myself. The adventure is uncommon;—it amazed me, at first; and I thought them wonderful happy. But, upon second thoughts, which they say are best, I think I will not venture to make rash vows; but e’en try to endure the wicked world. The lords of the creation, are not amiss too, sometimes, when one has nothing else to divert one.—What say you? my dear.—Beverly for that! you know.

No hopes of being released from my prison!—Would my aunt were delivered from her tene-ment of clay; or else could get it a little repaired. Upon my word, she suffers a great deal.—You cannot think how it affects me, though I try to flourish a little.—I am not the girl I was. My spirits are quite gone;—I have not laughed, nay hardly smiled, this age.—Bevil won’t know me again. I’ve lost all my airs and graces; and am fit for no living thing, but that domestic animal, a wife:—nay, perhaps the wretch will not think me tolerable even for that; since he loved me as I was: and I am sure, without inconstancy, he can never love me as I am; for I am a different creature in every thing, but my friendship for Indiana. Believe me unchangeable in that, and do justice to your

CLARA FREEMORE.

L E T-

LETTER XII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

WHY, my dear Clara, did you shorten your agreeable account of the nunnery? Believe me; I was not tired. I still retain a partiality for that way of life; tho' some other attachments have, I confess, a little abated my fondness. Favour me in your next, with a further account of the Protestant sisterhood. I am greatly pleased with the institution; and no less surprised, that so uncommon a society should not have been more known and talked of. Yet the Lady Abbess gave a sufficient reason for it.—What would I give to have the pleasure of accompanying you on a visit there!—But wishes are vain.

WE have now been a week at Mrs. Beverly's country seat; during which time, I have taken care not to give her son an opportunity of speaking to me in private; nor will I, if I can possibly help it, till Mrs. Beverly is acquainted with his passion. He seems distressed, and irresolute how to act; and, I believe, has some particular reasons to apprehend a refusal from that lady. Indeed it is whispered, that she has a person in her eye whom she would wish him to make choice of. I learned this from some hints her maid dropped this morning.—Judge, if my mind is much more tranquil than his all this while; yet I cannot call it suspense.—Guessing my fate, I endeavour to teach my heart resignation: instead of giving way to my passion, I use every argument, and collect every possible obstacle, to stifle it now, while it is manageable. Be it my study to perform well my part; and let Heaven do the rest.

YOUR sister has received a pressing invitation from Mrs. Beverly, to spend a few weeks with us. You know I love her, and am happy in her company; but I durst not press her on this occasion, lest her heart should suffer from the visit. I believe, however, she intends to come; and so will Colonel Manly. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Beverly; and, perhaps, she wishes he may find some charms in your friend. She has already, in a manner that gave me some suspicion, endeavoured to know my sentiments in regard to him. I spoke them, when I owned, I thought him possessed of many good qualities; but I could not, I think, like him as any thing but a friend.

THIS is a delightful place, my dear. I long to take some solitary rambles, but fear to meet Mr. Beverly in my walks; yet his mother kindly tells me, I confine myself too much to the house. "You know, my dear," said she, "I am a bad walker; but do not imagine I expect you to stay at home on my account.—No; I will gladly dispense with your company, when I think you will be more agreeably entertained. My books, or needle-work, will divert me in your absence."

I HARDLY know how to answer her: but I have, as yet, under some pretence or other, denied myself a pleasure that may be attended with bad consequences. Mr. Beverly, who is sensible that I take pains to avoid him, reproaches me by his looks.—But ought I to indulge either myself or him, in defiance of gratitude and duty? No: Heaven forbid!—Yet the pain my reserved conduct visibly gives him makes a deep impression, and renders it difficult for me to persevere in a conduct that yet, I hope, is laudable.—I am interrupted.—Adieu!

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XIII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

NOW listen, my dear; for I have strange news to tell you. Mrs. Beverly accompanied me into the garden this morning. She desired me to take a book that I might read to her while she was at work. We had been seated some time in a summer-house, when that lady recollected some orders she had to give, and left me; desiring me to stay, and she would return immediately. She was hardly out of sight, when Mr. Beverly, who had, it seems, watched our motions, though I did not know he was in the garden, made his unexpected appearance.

I AROSE to avoid him; but he prevented me, by taking my hand. "Cruel Indiana!" said he, "I see you hate me: but be satisfied; the unfortunate Beverly shall not long torment you. Could I have formed the least hope to touch your insensible heart, I would long ere now have come to an eclaireissement with my mother. But to what purpose should I risk her displeasure, when you continually wound me with your Stoical indifference? If you had the least spark of love for me, you could not enjoy tranquillity, while you see me in such torture. I thought the gentle Indiana had a tender heart! Pity, at least, might have been bestowed on a wretch whom she herself has made miserable!"——

A PROFOUND sigh finished this too-moving complaint. He fixed his eyes on my face, waiting an answer;—but I could not speak.—My tears forced a passage, in spite of my endeavours; and I sought not to withdraw my hand.

—Do

—Do not, my Clara, too severely blame my weakness: I could not at that instant command myself.

HE saw my emotions; and too well guessed the cause. His sadness vanished in an instant; and his fine eyes now sparkled with tenderness and joy.—“Is it possible,” said he.—“Oh! Indiana! do you not hate me then?—Delightful hope! Thus, on my knees, let me thank you for your goodness!”—“Rise!” cried I, “for Heaven’s sake, do not”——

THE appearance of Mrs. Beverly struck me dumb:—I sat motionless for some moments. At last, “I am ruined!” cried I: “clear me, Mr. Beverly; do me justice! let me not forfeit my happiness, in losing the good opinion of my kind—my generous friend!——

I BURST into tears.—“Yes, my dearest Indiana!” said he; “I will do you justice: so will Mrs. Beverly, when I have convinced her that I only have merited her displeasure.” “Save yourself the trouble of an apology,” interrupted that lady; “and you, my beloved Indiana, dismiss your fears.—My wishes are accomplished—Come to my arms, my children—and let my sanction encourage a passion that I have long wished to take place. Compose yourself, my dear,” added she, embracing me, “while I inform you of some particulars of your history, which will surprise you.”——

“FIRST,” said Mr. Beverly, respectfully taking her hand, “let me thank the best of parents for her goodness!”

SHE pressed him in her arms. “Enough, my dear son,” said she; “your happiness is dearer to me than my own: but in this I secure them both. The amiable Indiana is not more your choice than she is mine. May you, Harry,
“continue

"continue through life as sensible of her worth,
"when Heaven shall crown your wishes by making her yours!"——

JUDGE, my dear Clara, how much I was affected with such uncommon generosity; my merit and fortune so unequal to what Mrs. Beverly might expect for her son!—You may believe me; my gratitude was not silent, though words were wanting to express half what I felt.

INDEED Mrs. Beverly would not suffer me to proceed.—"I have a secret to impart," said she, smiling, "that I long to be delivered of. Have you no curiosity, Indiana?—it nearly concerns you."

I TOLD her, I was now all attention; though her disinterested goodness had so amazed me, that I thought not of any other subject.

"Do not be so lavish of your praises," said she; "the sequel will convince you, that I have not acted so very meritoriously. Your birth is equal to mine; nor is your fortune much inferior."

"You amaze me! dear Madam," said I: "am I not Mr. Danby's daughter; a destitute orphan, till relieved by your generosity? You rally me sure, when you talk of fortune!"

"HAVE patience," said she, "and I will explain the mystery.—But I must trace back my history a great way, in order to make myself more intelligible.—I have told you, I believe, that my father in his youth was in the army, where he distinguished himself by his firm attachment to his King and country; nor would he quit their service (notwithstanding the death of his brother, by which he became heir of a very considerable estate) till a peace dismissed him with honour. Out of several children, none survived their infancy, but one
"daughter

“ daughter and myself, of whose education he
 “ himself had the charge; as we had likewise
 “ the misfortune to lose our mother, who died
 “ soon after the birth of my sister—a loss which
 “ he endeavoured to supply by his uncommon
 “ care and tenderness.”

“ As he had been a good deal abroad, he
 “ had a great opinion of the education young ladies receive in convents; and thought it much
 “ preferable to what they could have at any of
 “ our English boarding-schools: for which reason,
 “ when I was about fourteen, we were sent over
 “ to a nunnery with the Lady Abbess of which
 “ he had some acquaintance. Here I stayed
 “ about two years, when he thought proper to
 “ recall me, to take upon me the charge of his
 “ family; but my sister was suffered to remain
 “ some time longer.”

“ WHEN I had been some time at home, an
 “ advantageous match was proposed; which,
 “ with my father’s approbation, I accepted of.
 “ My father parted with me with regret, as I
 “ had always been his favourite: but, as our
 “ estates were near each other, I indulged both
 “ him and myself, by being frequently with him.
 “ —I longed impatiently to see my sister, whom
 “ I loved with great affection. My wishes were
 “ at last gratified; and my happiness augmented
 “ by her presence. She was very lovely, and
 “ her person greatly improved since I had seen
 “ her; but her temper was much changed. She
 “ appeared grave, even to melancholy. I was
 “ affected with her sadness; and sought, but in
 “ vain, to know the cause. She always evaded
 “ my inquiries.”

“ I WAS obliged to leave her, soon after her
 “ return, in order to visit an estate in a distant
 “ part of the country. When I took my leave,
 “ she

" she seemed uncommonly affected.—Alas! said
 " she, weeping, when shall I see you again?—
 " must I lose you, now I stand in so much need
 " of your assistance and advice?—She stopped.
 " I begged her to explain herself; declaring, I
 " would put off my journey if she judged it ne-
 " cessary for her peace.—Tell me, my dearest
 " Harriot, said I, what it is that oppresses your
 " naturally-chearful spirits! confide in a sister,
 " who loves you as herself.—I cannot!—said she,
 " weeping; and flinging her arms round my
 " neck—Alas! I cannot!—Ah! my sister!—
 " Time—added she, casting up her eyes to Hea-
 " ven—will explain the mystery. But ask me
 " no more questions at present; when you re-
 " turn, I will try—She was silent: and I could
 " not, as I saw the pain it gave her, press her
 " farther; but took my leave, after giving her
 " the strongest assurances of my constant and sin-
 " cere friendship. I was uneasy the whole time
 " of my absence, and anxiously wished to see
 " her again; determining to inform myself of
 " the cause of her grief, that I might, if possi-
 " ble, redress it."

" THE impatiently-wished-for time arrived.
 " I sent to acquaint my sister, that I was re-
 " turned, and should be glad to see her. She
 " came; but so pale and dejected, that I hardly
 " knew her again.—I embraced her tenderly:
 " and entreated her now to do me the justice to
 " confide in me, and make me acquainted with
 " the cause of her sorrow."

" OH! my sister! said she, look at me—and
 " guess!"

" GOOD Heaven! cried I, starting from her,
 " —Is it possible?—for I could now but too
 " plainly see an alteration in her shape."

" YES;

“YES; said she:—my sister, I am wretched!
 “Be not too much alarmed; for I am married:
 “—married to the man I love; to a worthy
 “man; but—alas!—who will reconcile my fa-
 “ther to it?”——

“I WAS relieved—You amaze me, said I:
 “but fear not. All may yet be well.”

“IMPOSSIBLE! said she: I know my father’s
 “principles, and can have no hope.”——

“COMPOSE yourself, said I tenderly; and let
 “me know the particulars: and depend upon
 “every thing in my power to serve you.”

“ALAS!” answered she; “what shall I say?
 “—Love has made me act imprudently; but
 “will that plead in excuse for my fault with
 “those who are, perhaps, strangers to the force
 “of that passion?”

“SHE then told me, she had, while abroad,
 “married a young officer, who had forfeited his
 “title and estate by being concerned in the re-
 “bellion; and had, with difficulty, made his
 “escape to France. That he was now in fo-
 “reign service. That she could not hope her
 “father’s pardon for so imprudent a step, as the
 “difference of their principles would be an insur-
 “mountable bar.—I know, said she, how en-
 “thusiastically he is attached to the present go-
 “vernment; and with what hatred and severity
 “he talks of those of different sentiments.——

“Will he then ever be persuaded to receive as a
 “son, one who has so unhappily erred?—But
 “what had love to do with politics? Was he
 “not all that Heaven could make lovely? Has
 “he not severely suffered for his fault? Shall he
 “be debarred of every blessing?—No! If my
 “sincere affections appeared to him in that light,
 “he has them, and ever shall: let Heaven dis-
 “pose of me as it sees fit!—But will you, my
 “sister,

“ sister, break this affair to my father?—for
“ suspense is worse than the most dreadful cer-
“ tainty.—He loves you with uncommon tender-
“ ness; and will perhaps hear you, even on this
“ unhappy subject.”

“ DEPEND upon it,” answered I: “ let what
“ will be the consequence I will plead in your
“ favour. You know his determined temper: I
“ dare not bid you hope, lest you should the
“ more severely feel the disappointment; but
“ nothing in my power shall be wanting, to
“ bring about a reconciliation. You shall stay
“ with me till the affair is settled one way or
“ other.”

“ I WAITED upon my father that very even-
“ ing; and represented the affair in the most
“ favourable light I possibly could with any de-
“ gree of truth.—But who can describe his rage?
“ I was terrified; and on my knees besought
“ his pardon—his pity for my unfortunate si-
“ ster.”

“ HE sternly bid me rise; or he would from
“ that instant forget he was a father, and ba-
“ nish us both for ever from his presence and af-
“ fection.”

“ I CLASPED his knees in the most moving
“ manner, renewing my suit;—but he pushed
“ me from him with indignation.”

“ Go—said he; I see my authority has now
“ no weight with you.—Go to the undutiful
“ wretch you prefer to the love of your indul-
“ gent parent.—Let me never see either of you
“ again.—I disclaim you both, leagued as you
“ are to destroy my peace.

“ ALAS! my father, said I, still kneeling,
“ what have I done? I cannot survive your dis-
“ pleasure.—O! pardon your daughter, that ne-
“ ver till now opposed your will; that never, I
“ hope,

“ hope, was wanting in her duty to the best of
 “ fathers.—But, dear Sir, suffer nature to
 “ plead for my unhappy sister her first fault.
 “ A great, an irreparable one I own it is;
 “ yet”

“ HE interrupted me, sternly.—Again! said
 “ he;—beware, Emilia, how you urge me fur-
 “ ther.—May Heaven renounce me, added he,
 “ raising his voice, if ever I forgive her!—No!
 “ let her go to her vagabond; to her rebel hus-
 “ band:—I abandon her to the misery she de-
 “ serves; and may a father’s curse attend her!”

“ AH! Sir, cried I, chilled with horror,—
 “ what have you done? recall that last dreadful
 “ sentence.—Ah! my wretched, my much-la-
 “ mented sister! what will become of you? I
 “ could not proceed: even tears refused their
 “ aid, and I felt senseless at his feet.”

“ I FOUND myself, when I recovered, in his
 “ arms. My child! said he (when I opened my
 “ eyes,) my only child! look up, and bless your
 “ fond father. You deserve, and shall now
 “ have, my whole and undivided affection; but
 “ do not urge me further on a subject I cannot
 “ bear.—My resolution is fixed: nothing shall
 “ ever alter it. You are my only daughter: I
 “ never will own another.—Tell her so: and
 “ bid her avoid my presence, lest she suffer for
 “ her presumption.”

“ WHAT could I do? I knew his temper was
 “ inflexible. Yet, how could I return an an-
 “ swer to my sister? What could I say to her?
 “ How soften the dreadful scene?—Yet it must
 “ be done, whatever pains it cost me!—What
 “ a task had I undertaken!”

“ I FLUNG myself into my chariot, more dead
 “ than alive. But, when it stopped, and I saw
 “ the dear Harriot, who was come out to meet
 “ me,

"me, I had hardly strength to walk towards her.
 "As soon as she saw me, the blood forsook her
 "cheeks; she raised her eyes to Heaven, with
 "looks of inexpressible anguish. 'Tis all over,
 "said she;—alas! my sister, flinging her arms
 "round my neck, I see I am ruin'd!"

"I HURRIED into the parlour. For some
 "time, neither of us could speak. Her eyes
 "were fixed on the ground; with a countenance
 "so full of distress, the most savage heart would
 "have been moved to see her: yet she did not
 "weep. It was fortunate for me that I could;
 "or I should again have fainted. At last, she
 "looked at me; and uttering a deep sigh,—My
 "dear sister! said she, how I affect you!—But,
 "'tis over now! Heaven's will be done!—I sub-
 "mit; since I have brought this misery upon
 "myself. But is there no relenting in a parent's
 "breast? Is nature quite extinguished?—Wretch-
 "ed Harriot!—But enough: I will not com-
 "plain: let me be a miser of my sorrow:—none
 "shall share it with me, since this is all the for-
 "tune my father will bestow. I do not ask what
 "passed between you: I guess, by your looks,
 "that it was dreadful; therefore will spare you.
 "—You have already suffered too much on my
 "worthless account."

"SHE arose, on speaking these words. I took
 "her hand.—Let me go, said she, my dear
 "Emilia? I am very ill. I would not ask for
 "assistance, but for the sake of the poor unborn
 "infant.—Yet why should I wish it to live? It
 "will be happier for us both if we do not sur-
 "vive the dreadful pains I feel coming upon
 "me!"

"I WAS greatly alarmed; and immediately
 "called for help. She was carried to her cham-

"ber,

ber, while messengers were sent for a physician. He came; and in a few hours, she was delivered of a daughter, who was born some weeks before her time. I hardly ever left her till she recovered; which she did but slowly, owing to the distress of mind she suffered.

No sooner was she in a condition to travel, than she insisted on returning to France. I knew not how to oppose this resolution, tho' I could not bear the thoughts of parting. I insisted, however, that she should leave my dear little niece, whom I was excessively fond of, to my care; as the infant, whom premature birth had made rather weakly, could not possibly survive the fatigue of such a voyage: and I promised to treat it with as much tenderness as my own son. Indeed I felt more for it than I would express. Nature and misfortunes gave her a double claim to my love and protection: but it was with great difficulty I could persuade the fond parent of the necessity of what I urged. I prevailed however at last, and after a thousand tender adieus, we parted—never, alas! to meet again.”

I PUT my dear niece to nurse, with a person in whose care and tenderness I could confide, who lived about three miles distant from my house. All this was a secret to my father; but with my husband's approbation. Scarce a day passed, in which I did not visit my sweet charge.”

My sister wrote to me as soon as she got to the end of her melancholy voyage, anxiously inquiring after her daughter. I answered her letter, and gave her fresh assurances of my inviolable friendship, promising still to attempt a reconciliation, when I found a fit opportunity to talk to my father, as soon as time had

“ a little

“ little softened his displeasure. Several letters
“ passed between us: and I was pleased to find,
“ that the tenderness of one of the best of hus-
“ bands, as she always called him, made her the
“ less regret the loss she had sustained for his
“ sake.”

“ SEVERAL months passed in this manner;
“ during which, I had often attempted to speak
“ to my father in her favour: but he always im-
“ posed silence on me on that subject, as I valued
“ his peace or favour.”

“ ABOUT this time I was obliged to leave
“ my charge for some months. I was uneasy at
“ this separation; though I had no reason to
“ doubt her being taken proper care of.—But,
“ good Heaven! what was my grief and asto-
“ nishment at my return, when I was told that
“ she had been dead some weeks; and that the
“ nurse had left that part of the country, being
“ hired by a lady who had taken her into her fa-
“ mily. A letter, that this woman had left for
“ me, confirmed these melancholy particulars.
“ She apologized for leaving the country without
“ seeing me, by her not being willing to lose
“ the advantageous offer that was made her. I
“ was almost distracted with grief at this account.
“ —How should I inform my sister of this me-
“ lancholy event? yet, painful as it was, I was
“ obliged to perform it. I never received any
“ answer from my sister. I was surprised at her
“ omission; which I endeavoured to account
“ for, by supposing her letter had miscarried.
“ What made this the more probable, was, that
“ my husband, whose name when I married
“ him was Lovell, had changed it to Beverly,
“ on account of a considerable estate which was
“ left him on that condition. Yet this change
“ was so recent, and our family so well known,
“ that

“ that it was scarce possible a letter should not
 “ find us. In short, I knew not what to think ;
 “ and it was not till after several years that my
 “ doubts were cleared, by the melancholy news
 “ of her death, which I had from the servant
 “ she took over with her, and who came to wait
 “ on me when she returned to England. This
 “ person told me, she had left her lady some time
 “ before this sad event ; having married in Paris,
 “ from whence my sister removed for the benefit
 “ of her health.”

“ How many dear connexions are broke by
 “ that cruel debt intailed on nature ! My tears
 “ were scarce dried for a beloved sister, when I
 “ lost Mr. Beverly !”

“ My father, whose fondness for me was ra-
 “ ther increased than abated, entreated me now
 “ to live with him, as he was in a declining state
 “ of health ; and he assured me, my company
 “ would be a great consolation to him. This I
 “ willingly consented to, as I had now no family ;
 “ my son being some time before gone upon his
 “ travels. I had not lived long with him, when
 “ his illness so much encreased that the physicians
 “ despaired of his life. He told me, with great
 “ resignation, that he found his end approach-
 “ ing.—I shall leave you, said he, my dutiful
 “ and affectionate daughter ! Nothing in this life
 “ could give me a moment’s regret, but the
 “ thoughts of parting with you, who have ever
 “ been my pride and consolation under every
 “ misfortune. Your unhappy and undutiful sis-
 “ ter—but she is dead ; and let her faults be
 “ buried with her.—You may, perhaps, blame
 “ my conduct towards her, perhaps, I de-
 “ serve it !—but her’s was a crime of such a na-
 “ ture, that I never could forgive. Had she
 “ married a beggar—any thing but a rebel to my
 “ King

“King and country—I could, I think, have
“pardoned her. But to bring a traitor into my
“family was too much. Yet nature struggled
“for my child; but honour and justice, for such
“I must esteem it, got the better of what, in
“such a case, I should have deemed an inexcusable
“weakness. But, my dear Emilia, added
“he, I hear you had a niece; what is become
“of her? looking at me with a smile. I wondered
“at the question, as well as the manner
“it was asked in; and a tear started to my eyes.
“—You are affected, said he; but I can console
“you. You’ll be surprised when I tell you,
“she is still alive; and more than ever worthy
“your affection.—Surprised indeed! cried I,
“interrupting him. How is it possible?”

“I WILL tell you, said he. One day, while
“you were upon your visit to Mrs. Money, I
“was taking an airing in my chaise; wherein I
“had not proceeded above a mile or two, when
“the servant informed me one of the wheels was
“coming off. I got out immediately; and ordered
“him to get it repaired, while I walked up
“to a neat little cottage, where I determined to
“rest myself till my carriage was in order. In
“a small but elegant apartment, I found a woman
“sitting by the side of a bed, weeping,
“with a fine little girl on her lap. She arose
“on my entrance, and seemed surprised at such
“a visitor. Sit still, said I; and give me leave
“to stay in your house a while: I will repay you
“for the favour. You seem to be afflicted; let
“me know the cause of your grief—perhaps I
“may be able to relieve you. Oh! no! Sir,
“said she, sighing: you cannot help me.—I have
“lost my poor dear daughter, and you cannot
“bring her to life again.—Nor can your tears;
“said I. The child is provided for in a better
“world;

“ world ; and you ought to be thankful that you
 “ have still this sweet little creature (taking it in
 “ my arms) to comfort you. Yes, Sir, said she,
 “ that is indeed a lovely babe ; but it is none of
 “ mine : though I love her as if she was : but I
 “ am only her nurse.”

“ I FELT something for the dear little angel,
 “ that had cast her arms round my neck and
 “ was smiling in my face, which I cannot ex-
 “ press. I asked the woman, Who she belong-
 “ ed to ? But what was my amazement, when
 “ I found she was my own grand-daughter ! Her
 “ mother’s crime arose to my view ; and I was,
 “ with some indignation, going to return her to
 “ the nurse ;—but the sweet innocent clung to
 “ my breast, cried when I offered to part with
 “ her, and gave me such a pitiful look as if she
 “ had implored my protection. This was too
 “ much :—Nature got the better of my resent-
 “ ment ; and I determined from that moment to
 “ be a father to her, thinking it would be too
 “ unjust to punish her for the crime of her pa-
 “ rents. But my unconquerable hatred to her
 “ father made me resolve to conceal my kindness
 “ to his child from every body : you in particu-
 “ lar, my dear Emilia ; knowing full well, if I
 “ had acquainted you with it, your sister would
 “ not long have been ignorant of it :—and my
 “ resentment was so strong at that time, that I
 “ grudged them the pleasure it would give them
 “ to know she was taken into favour, and would
 “ be so well provided for.”

“ I THEREFORE, after removing both her
 “ and her nurse (who durst not oppose my will,
 “ after I had discovered who I was) to another
 “ part of the country, and with such precaution
 “ that it was impossible for you to trace her,
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"spread the report of your niece's death, which
"was confirmed by the burial of the other child.
"—But, before I proceed further, you must
"submit to one request; or you will never hear
"a word more of this affair. Her mother is
"now dead: and her father I can never cease to
"hate: you must therefore swear, that you will
"never discover her name to her, lest she should
"ever find him, and he become a sharer in
"that fortune he is unworthy of. I give you
"leave, at a proper season, to reveal her birth to
"her; but beware of giving her a hint of the
"detested name of her father. I have christened
"her Indiana Danby; let her never know ano-
"ther. I shall take care to put that clause in
"my will.—I remonstrated against the cruelty of
"this, but in vain: I was forced to submit."

"AND could you, Madam," interrupted I,
"agree to such an unjust proposal? And must I
"then for ever be debarred the happiness of
"knowing this dear father?—Oh! far rather
"let me lose a fortune purchased on such terms."

"You must be patient," said Mrs. Beverly;
"there is no remedy. Had I not agreed to his
"proposal, I should never have known you;
"and I was glad, of two evils, to choose the
"least.—It is passed. I have sworn to be se-
"cret. Heaven will, perhaps, find some other
"method of discovering him to you.—But, to
"resume my story:"

"My father went on:—When she was about
"four years old, I had her conveyed to a cler-
"gyman, whom you may remember to have
"seen, whom I had formerly presented to a
"living. Him I had prepared for my grand-
"daughter's reception; and to him I commit-
"ted the care of her education, making him a

D

"proper

“ proper allowance, and ordering her to be in-
 “ structed in every polite accomplishment, with
 “ strict charge to conceal from her the know-
 “ ledge of her family.—She has proved herself
 “ worthy of my care; and shall now supply the
 “ place of my lost daughter. I visited her often;
 “ and never without pleasure. She is a most
 “ amiable creature, and full of gratitude; look-
 “ ing upon me as her best friend: believing her-
 “ self an orphan, whom, for the friendship I
 “ bore her father, I have taken under my pro-
 “ tection. I have now resolved to send for her
 “ home. I shall not long, I fear, enjoy her
 “ presence: death will soon rob me of that sa-
 “ tisfaction. You, my Emilia, must supply
 “ my loss, and be a parent to her. I shall leave
 “ her a fortune suitable to her birth. Be not
 “ too hasty in revealing her history to her; but
 “ endeavour to find a suitable match. If it is
 “ possible to bring about an union between her
 “ and your son Harry, it would make me com-
 “ pletely happy. I have long wished it. They
 “ seem formed for each other. You, I suppose,
 “ will have no objections; nor can he, I should
 “ imagine, her birth and fortune being unexcep-
 “ tionable, and her person so extremely lovely.
 “ But time must determine that; as it would be
 “ the less likely to take place, would they be
 “ informed of our intentions. Her guardian now
 “ expects to resign his charge to you. Go, my
 “ Emilia; I am sure you will be pleased with
 “ her. She wants nothing but a little knowledge
 “ of the world to make her perfectly accom-
 “ plished. The ignorance of her birth has been
 “ an advantage to her; as it has taught her two
 “ amiable lessons, Gratitude and Humanity.”

“ I FOUND you, my dear Indiana,” continued
 the obliging Mrs. Beverly, “ more engaging than

“ my fondest hopes had represented you.—You
“ blush, my dear ; I will not pain you, by
“ dwelling on your praises.—I shall only add,
“ that your tender and affectionate behaviour to
“ my father made the short time he lived after
“ you were with us a comfort to him ; and your
“ gratitude and constant endeavours to gain my
“ esteem have made me regard you with all the
“ fondness of a parent. Thank Heaven ! I hope
“ soon to have a claim to that endearing name.”

I CAST a blushing look of gratitude at Mrs. Beverly.—Her son more freely gave vent to his transports.—But she interrupted him.—“ You
“ break the thread of my narrative, Harry ;”
said she, smiling.—“ What was I going to say ?
“ I believe I had nothing to tell you that you did
“ not know before.—After you had been about
“ two years with me, a particular friend pressed
“ me to let you accompany her daughters to a
“ convent, where they were going for their edu-
“ cation ; urging, that yours was not complete
“ without a more perfect knowledge of the
“ French language, and that there was no ac-
“ quiring that in England. I was some time be-
“ fore I could prevail on myself to let you go.
“ The fate of my unhappy sister deterred me :
“ yet I considered, such consequences did not
“ naturally follow the step I was going to take.
“ You seemed desirous to go : and as I, from
“ the first, wished you to be allied to my son, I
“ thought it not amiss to let you live in that re-
“ tirement till he returned from his travels, lest
“ your heart might be attached to some other
“ object before you saw him.—Thank Heaven !
“ every thing has turned out according to my
“ most sanguine wishes.”—She embraced me,
she spoke this : and gave my hand to Mr. Be-
verly, who received it, kneeling, as the greatest
“ blessing

blessing she and Heaven could bestow:—so he was pleased to say.

BUT, my dear Clara, my joy is damped, by the cruel recollection of my dear, my unhappy mother, and my reverend father, whom I must and will love, notwithstanding all restriction. I shall never be happy till I know what is become of him. I was forced to retire, to indulge my tears to their memory.—Shall I be so selfish as to give way to joy and pleasure, while the author of my being is perhaps unhappy!—Alas! my beloved father, would I were with you, to share your fate, be it good or bad.—But this wish is vain. Who can inform me where you are?—I can write no more, my friend, my heart is oppressed with sorrow.—Adieu! dear Clara: I will write to you when I am more at ease.—Your sister sends me word, she will be with us to-morrow.—How will the dear girl relish this change in my affairs? I hope it will sit lightly on her; or I shall not enjoy my good fortune. Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LET

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS FREEMORE.

YOUR sister is with us, my dear; as is Colonel Manly. The weather is delightful, and the country in all its beauty. This, with such agreeable society, would make me completely happy, were it not for the remembrance of my father. Mr. Beverly, who has renewed his usual gaiety, does every thing in his power to dissipate my melancholy, which I cannot entirely conceal. As he knows the cause, he does not reproach me for it; though he seems to wish, nay perhaps expect it as his due, that my love for him should triumph over every other consideration; and that, like him, I should give a loose to joy, on the happy prospect of our approaching union.—But, my dear, has not nature an equal, if not a greater, claim to my regard? Yet, I own, I should esteem my lot uncommonly fortunate, were it not for this alloy. His behaviour is to me now so openly particular, that your sister must be sensible on what footing he is with me; yet has never questioned me about an event, that, considering her ignorance of my history, must appear a little extraordinary. Dare I flatter myself it is from indifference? May we hope, that she will regain her tranquillity, now she has nothing to feed her flame?

Mr. Beverly is no longer the gallant general admirer: love has, I trust, cured him of that foible. I am not, I believe, given to jealousy; yet, I own, I should be sorry to see his behaviour what it was some time ago. I hope he is capable of constancy, now he is for the first time, as he tells me, a lover in sober sadness.—The

Colonel has been very grave for some days past ; sighs frequently ; and looks at me with such expressive eyes, that I guess he is not much pleased at Mr. Beverly's assiduity ; especially as he sees I suffer it with pleasure. He already talks of leaving us ; though he at first gave us hopes he would have made a much longer visit. It is not vanity in me, I hope, to suppose I am the cause of this change. He is a most agreeable man. I am sorry he honours me with a partiality which I cannot return.

HE asked your sister, this morning, if he should have the happiness of escorting her to town.

" WHEN do you go," said she, blushing, not much pleased with the question.

" TO-MORROW morning," answered he, " I propose, though with regret, to leave this agreeable family."

" WITH regret !" said Mrs. Beverly. " I dare not believe that ; or you would not so very soon deprive us of the pleasure of your company. As for Miss Freemore, she is my prisoner for a month longer at least ; and I wish I could make you one too."

" I AM one already," said he, sighing, and looking at me : " but determined to break my chain ; at least, I will attempt it.—Liberty, you know, Madam, is very desirable ; yet, in this case, I could almost wish to be compelled to stay.—Such a delightful prison is even preferable to freedom."

" NAY, Sir," said she, " since you half wish it, I will take effectual care that you do not escape from us.—We have bolts and bars, if nothing else can secure us the honour of your company."

" THERE

"THERE is no need of bolts and bars," said he, smiling; "these are weak, in comparison of other forcible inducements.—But I must endeavour to break through them all. There is a necessity for my going to town; or half your obliging entreaties, joined to my own desires to remain in such society, would determine me to stay till you would, perhaps, be tired of me."

"I WILL not press you further then," said Mrs. Beverly, "I hope I need not tell you, that your prolonging your visit would give us all pleasure."

HE bowed.—"Come," said Mr. Beverly, "let us talk no more of parting; we have you for this day at least.—The ladies proposed walking: let us try to spend it agreeably: to-morrow we will endeavour to prevail on the Colonel to renew the lease."

"I HE took him by the arm as he spoke this; and he went into the park. He led us to the bottom of it, which opens to a walk on the river-side. Here we found a barge, French-horns, &c. &c. We were all surprised, and pleased with Mr. Beverly for this unexpected amusement. The gentlemen handed us into the boat. My lover took his seat next to me, and entertained us agreeably by his lively wit. The Colonel too and your sister were in better spirits than I had seen them for some time past: so that the day was past in a most pleasing manner. We dined on board; but landed in the afternoon at a pretty seat farm-house; a small distance from the river, where we drank tea.—Amongst people who are perfectly intimate, where all reserve and ceremony out what politeness and good sense require is banished, such parties give true pleasure; especially where they are not premeditated. In that case

one's spirits, often flag; because it is a sort of restraint, where people set off with a resolution of being very happy. Seldom do jaunts that have been much talked over beforehand answer one's expectation.

AFTER tea, we took a short ramble. Mrs. Beverly, being but a bad walker, leaned upon the Colonel's arm; her son insisted on my making use of his; and, without ceremony, with the other whipped hold of your sister. Fanny, at that instant, felt a little palpitation: I saw it by her looks and a smothered sigh.—He, I believe, did not observe it; but led us on with great gaiety and good humour, humming an air that I had that morning been endeavouring to teach him.

WE had not walked far, before Mrs. Beverly complained she was tired; and proposed our sitting down under some large spreading trees. She set us the example; which we very readily followed. The birds made a delightful harmony over our heads. Mr. Beverly insisted on my joining in their concert.—I consented, on condition that he would accompany me. He did so, at first asking.—Oh! Clara, what an inimitable voice and manner!

WHEN we had finished our duet, I desired the Colonel to oblige us in his turn. He bowed; and fixing his eyes with tenderness on my face, in a very agreeable voice, sung:

*Too late for address, and too soon for my ease,
I saw you;—I lov'd—and I wish'd I could please.
Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs.*

*But,—alas!—all is chang'd; and with anguish
I find,
Words and looks were but civil, which once I
thought kind.*

HE

HE left off here ; pretending he had forgot the rest. You may guess his reason for this, as well as choosing that song. Fanny sighed frequently while he was singing, and now and then glanced a look at Mr. Beverly.

AFTER spending some time in this agreeable manner, we returned to our boat ; and about eight in the evening arrived safe at Mrs. Beverly's, every one of us pleased with our little excursion. —But, as the hour approached for separating, the Colonel's gaiety insensibly forsook him.—His eyes were never off me ; and I could see he put a great constraint on himself, by endeavouring to appear chearful. He forced a smile now and then, in complaisance to the rest of the company ; but I saw an aching heart hid under the thin disguise.

WE did not retire to our apartments till near twelve. As I passed him, he, by a sort of involuntary motion, took my hand, but quitted it almost the same instant ; and, bowing, wished me a good night : then, turning to Mr. Beverly, asked, if he would oblige him with his company a few miles on his way to town : “ but you must rise early if you do,” said he ; “ for I propose setting out about six in the morning.”

MR. Beverly said, “ He would attend him with pleasure on any other expedition ; but he would not, could not, part with him so soon.”

THE Colonel smiled, and shook his head. “ I feel there is a necessity for my going,” said he, “ You are a very happy man, Mr. Beverly ; or you would not so obligingly wish my stay.”

I LEFT them to finish the dispute ; only telling him, I would not take my leave ; as I still hoped his friend would prevail with him to breakfast with us, at least, before he set off on

his journey. So saying, I went up to my room; where, to my no small surprise, I found your sister, who had left us some time before; and who, I imagined, was in her own apartment, not expecting so late a visit from her. She was sitting in a pensive posture; and so lost in thought, that I was close to her before she saw me. I tapped her cheek—"What shall I give you for your thoughts?" said I, smiling.

"NOTHING," answered she, "they are not so agreeable:—though I should be glad to get rid of them."

"Do then," said I, "by communicating them to me."

"No, no;" said she, shaking her head; "you are too happy for such as mine to be acceptable.——They are of the melancholy kind."

"LET me share them then;" said I. "Am I so given to levity, that you think me incapable of relishing a grave subject?"

"No;" said she: "but there is a difference between gravity and melancholy."

"WELL; let me partake of your melancholy then," said I. "Perhaps, I may dispel it, or, at least, I will take part of it from you."

AGAIN she shook her head; and sighed. After a pause—"Does the Colonel leave us to-morrow?" said she.

"I BELIEVE so;" answered I.

"OH! Indiana," said she, "do you not pity him? Can any thing be so dreadful as a hopeless passion?"

"I DO, my dear;" said I. "But, I hope he will soon get the better of his"——

"OF his!" cried she with quickness. "And who else do you"——

SHE stopped. "Proceed, my dear," said I.
"What were you going to add?"

"WHAT do you mean?" said she. "You
are very suspicious of late, Indiana."

"WHO I? My dear, you amaze me—What
have I said to merit such a censure?"

"NOTHING," said she, a little peevishly.
"I am not well. I think, I had better go to town
with the Colonel. Don't you think so?"

"No, indeed; my dear," answered I, "I
cannot agree to part with you so soon."

"WHY not?" said she. "What can you
want or care for; while you are happy in"—

SHE stopped. "In what?" said I. "Can
I ever arrive at such a pitch of happiness, as
not to think your company and friendship an
addition to it?" "May be so!" said she, sigh-
ing. "But forgive me, dear Indiana; my heart
rebels against my reason. I do not treat you
with that open confidence your goodness me-
rits.—But I am unhappy; and, as such, claim
your pity, though I cannot deserve your friend-
ship. I need not explain myself: you have
too much penetration to be at a loss for the
cause of my misery.—Oh! Indiana," continued
she, casting her arms round my neck, and burst-
ing into tears, "I have lost my peace, I fear,
for ever."

I WAS greatly moved, and at a loss what to
say to her. "If you love me," resumed she,
"persuade, force me from this fatal house.—I
will bury myself in the country.—Let me go
to my aunt's: my sister may return to her
friend, while I am lost to happiness and the
world.—Gracious Heaven!" added she, with
streaming eyes, "what a fate is mine! How I
despise myself for this weakness!—But I will
conquer it, or die."

I ENDEAVOURED to sooth her. "Do not attempt to comfort me," said she: "I am, no doubt, sunk in your opinion; but not so much as in my own.—I hate myself.—Alas! I have bestowed all my love on others; on those who ——— But no matter! I can but be miserable. Custom will reconcile me to it.—Do not hate me, Indiana.—I own myself your rival; but I have neither power nor inclination to injure you. May you be happy!—You must!—supremely happy: while I—I will leave you, Indiana; will leave a place that is but too dear to me. You shall see I have some resolution left, notwithstanding this cruel infatuation.—Help me to invent some pretence for going to-morrow. If you love me, assist my weakness.—I dare not trust myself."

I REASONED with her, persuading her to defer her journey, which I would not oppose, when she could do it with a better grace.—"How could she go with the Colonel, who was to set off so early in the morning? Besides, what would Mrs. Beverly think of such a sudden resolution?—"What will her son think? you mean," said she. "But I care not:—let him triumph.—I must, I will go:—do not oppose me. If I stay much longer, I shall not have power."

"You shall then," said I, "my dear, noble girl. Leave it to me; I'll prepare Mrs. Beverly. The Colonel will not, I hope, leave us so soon as he proposed; as I left his friend with him strenuously arguing the point."—I durst not express my sorrow or pity for her: it was a tender point: I feared to offend her delicacy. I did not wish her to think herself an object of pity.

SHE

SHE told me, she would immediately order her maid to pack up her cloaths for her journey. Mrs. Beverly had promised to lend her the coach, whenever she returned to town. "The Colonel, perhaps," said she, "will like a seat in it, as well as riding.—We shall have a melancholy journey. I trust to your management, my dear Indiana. Remember, I cannot enjoy a moment's rest till I am gone:—nor ever after, I fear," added she, sighing. "But good night, my friend; you can sleep:—or, if not, joy only keeps you waking. Forgive me: I neither speak nor act as I ought to do. —Make some kind allowance for me: you know not (Heaven forbid you ever should!) what pain, what torment I suffer. Adieu!" continued she, embracing me. "Let me hear from you sometimes, when I am in the country; and do not hate me." So saying, without giving me time to answer, she hastily left the room.

I WAS deeply affected; and passed an almost sleepless night on her account. I applauded her for the conquest she had gained over herself; but was puzzled to know what excuse I should invent for her going so much sooner than she at first intended. I wished, if possible, to avoid giving either Mrs. Beverly or her son any suspicions of the real cause; and I thought, in such a case as hers, a little art was excusable.

THE anxiety I was in for her obliged me to rise much earlier than usual. I went immediately to enquire of the servants if the Colonel was gone. His man, who was the first person I met, told me, his master had contradicted his first orders; for that he now proposed staying breakfast. I was pleased with this intelligence, as it would give me more time to prepare Mrs. Beverly.

verly. I was impatient for her rising; which, however, I could not expect for some hours. I therefore walked into the garden, to divert my anxiety; and had taken several turns, and was going towards the house, determined to see your sister, in order to concert our plan, when I heard somebody behind me. I turned hastily, and found it was the Colonel. He joined me; and, for some time, we conversed agreeably enough on different subjects; but, as I saw he was inclined to change it to one he thought more interesting, I endeavoured, though without seeming to design it, to lead towards the house, wishing to put an end to our tete-a-tete as soon as possible; for I feared an explanation that might give us both pain. He had penetration enough, however, to see my design, and, when we had got almost to the summer parlour, he stopped suddenly, and, looking at me with a melancholy air, “I see you are tired of my company,” said he; “nor can I wonder, since I am a burthen even to myself. But can you not pity a man, who is miserable because he adores you? The happy Beverly would not sure grudge me that trifling consolation.—But go, Madam; leave a wretch who may infect you with his sadness. I own myself very unfit society for the happy. —Thank Heaven! you are so.—I am not so selfish, but I can feel even a spark of joy at your felicity.—I will not complain, far less repent; but rather glory in loving such excellence. —I repine only at my own unworthiness; that, of itself, would exclude all hope.”

“You wrong yourself,” said I: “not your want of merit, but my prepossession, is the cause.”—“Happy Beverly,” said he, sighing, “how enviable is thy fate!”—He paused, looking stedfastly at me; then, respectfully taking
my

my hand, and pressing it to his lips, "Forgive me, Madam," said he, "and permit me this last favour I shall, perhaps, ever receive from you.—I am going to leave you," continued he with emotion, "to tear myself from all I hold dear on earth.—Heavens! what a painful struggle!—and to what purpose?—Can absence restore my peace?—No!—Your lovely image is too deeply engraven on my heart ever to be erased.—But I shall at least rid you of an object that is, I fear, odious to you."

"UNJUST!" said I. "How can you entertain such groundless thoughts?—No! Sir: tho' I own my heart is now in possession of another; yet my friendship is, and ever must be, yours.—If it is any consolation, you may believe me, when I frankly declare, that, next to Mr. Beverly, you are the man on earth I think most worthy my esteem."

"CHARMING frankness!" said he, with rapture. "My heart is grateful for this condescending goodness. I will try to reconcile myself to my fate.—Is it not a sufficient happiness to be honoured with the friendship of so perfect, so angelic a creature?—Believe me, Madam, though short of my too sanguine and presumptuous wishes, it is a distinction that I would prefer to the love of all the rest of your sex. I will study to deserve that esteem. Time may, perhaps, enable me to be satisfied with the title of your friend.—Yet, how cold is that name to what my ungovernable heart would aspire to, could it have the least shadow of hope!—But that is impossible!—I will not attempt to see you again, till I have so far mastered my unhappy passion as to confine it to my own breast.—But promise me, that you will then permit me to renew an acquaintance, which

“ which shall be my pride and consolation, when
 “ you are Mrs. Beverly.—Good Heaven! you
 “ see, Madam, I have so far overcome myself al-
 “ ready, as to talk of that dreaded event. Will
 “ you then allow me to see, to converse with
 “ you?—Believe me, I will not make a wrong
 “ use of your goodness. I esteem Mr. Beverly;
 “ and am compelled in justice to own, that
 “ he merits even you, if it is possible for mortal
 “ to deserve such beauty, such uncommon ex-
 “ cellence.”

“ You speak too highly of me, Sir,” said I.
 “ You would raise my vanity, if I did not con-
 “ sider that love is so blindly partial. I shall esteem
 “ your friendship a great addition to my happi-
 “ ness. There is not a request you can make,
 “ consistent with my attachment to Mr. Bever-
 “ ly, but what I will grant with pleasure. Let
 “ me then see you, Sir, when you are more your-
 “ self; when you can do it with that indifference
 “ which is necessary to your peace.—But here is
 “ Miss Freemore coming: let us meet her: she
 “ proposes going to town with you.”—“ With
 “ me! Madam,” cried he, in surprize. “ I
 “ thought she intended a much longer stay. This
 “ is a sudden resolution indeed.”

“ It is so,” said I: “ but Mrs. Freemore has
 “ wrote for her. An unexpected affair demands
 “ her presence.”

YOUR sister joined us while I spoke. Her pale
 countenance convinced me what sort of a night
 she had passed; but she endeavoured to appear
 chearful.

“ I AM quite fatigued,” said she, smiling,
 “ with my yesterday’s jaunt, and rising so early
 “ this morning to prepare for my journey. Have
 “ you told the Colonel,” looking at me, “ that
 “ I intend to trust him with the charge of me to
 “ town?”

"town?—You, Sir, must protect me from the collectors on the road, and take care that nobody runs away with me."

"I HAVE pistols," said he, "for the first; but as to running away with you, what would you say, if I should be tempted to commit such an action myself?—I can tell you, people would make great allowance for me, considering the temptation."

"OH! I will trust you for that," said Miss Fanny. "You are a man of too much honour, to wrong the confidence I place in you. I think we shall have a pleasant journey," added she, "the day is so fine. It would be delightful, if the coach was but filled with the agreeable friends we are obliged to leave behind us.—But come; I know the breakfast waits for us.—I wish we could set off immediately, without the painful formality of taking leave."

As we entered the house, she whispered me to go to Mrs. Beverly, who had not, when she came out, left her apartment.—I accordingly went, and talked to that lady about her going; hinting something about letters from Mrs. Freemore, and the necessity there was for her going in a day or two at farthest; but as the Colonel proposed setting off this morning, she chose to go now, that she might have his company. Mrs. Beverly made no objections; for I believe she partly guessed the truth.

WE went down together. After the first salutations were over, Mrs. Beverly turned to your sister;—"So you must leave us, my dear," said she. "Your mamma is cruel, to deprive us so soon of the pleasure of your company. Do you go immediately into the country with her? I hope your aunt will not detain both your sister
"and

“and you.—Miss Freemore has suffered a tedious confinement. I think, she should now relieve her.”

“I BELIEVE, it is with that design I am sent for,” said your sister. “Clara will, I suppose, come to town, as soon as I get down to C——y to supply her place.”

MR. Beverly stared.—“What are you talking of?” said he. “Are we then to lose you, Miss Fanny?”

“YES, Sir” said she, not daring to look at him, “if that can be called a loss.”

“CAN be called?” said he, taking her hand. “Upon my honour, I think it so.—The Devil’s in this honest aunt of yours; she has no conscience.—I suppose, she thinks every body has as little business in the world as her reverend self.—If I had been Bevil, I would have seen the old Lady at Jerusalem, before she should have kept my mistress so long from me. I have no notion of a lover having so much patience.”

“I BELIEVE not,” said Mrs. Beverly. “It is a quality you were never over-burthened with.”

“WHY, I cannot boast of my philosophy,” said he, “or at least I am not of the sect of the Stoics.—But would you, ladies, condemn your humble servants for a little impatience upon some occasions?—Let me die, were I a woman, if I should endure a lover that was reasonable and composed. It is out of nature. Love ought to be accompanied with some sort of enthusiasm, that scorns the fixed and settled rules which govern people in common life. It is like Pindaric poetry; soaring, unequal in its measures, and full of fire.”

“YET,”

"YET," said I, smiling, "if it resembles fire, the fiercer it blazes the sooner it will be consumed."

"TRUE!" answered he: "but a feeble glimmering spark is in equal danger of being extinguished.—In short, the case is this: Some people love a great deal in a little time; while others take a great deal of time to love a little. These last are called constant;—while the others are branded with the name of inconstants.—But, if their passions were put into an equal balance, I would lay my life, the last out-weighs the former. The only difference is this:—one pays large sums at a time—the other small."

"BUT is not a pension for life," said I, "better than a more bountiful provision that is precarious, and may not, perhaps, last a twelve-month?"

THE sight of the coach, which was now drawing up to the door, put a sudden stop to our dispute. Every face was changed in an instant; and silent sadness took place.—Fanny arose, and walked to the window. The Colonel attempted to speak; but his voice faltered,

"THIS plaguy coach," said Mr. Beverly, "has put us all in the dumps. I wish the Devil had it.—Do, dear Manly, let me order it to its habitation again.—Another day cannot make such difference to you.—Be persuaded. Suppose we change our plan of operations; and, instead of a dull journey to town, parting, and all that, get ensemble into the coach and take an airing, and so come back to dinner; when we will invent some amusement for the afternoon. Come, I know you will oblige me; and my little Fanny too"—going to her, and putting his arm round her waist.

"Help

" Help me, Indiana ; I have seized one prisoner
 " —do you secure the other."

" SPARE me, dear Beverly ;" said Mr. Manly. " You know not what I suffer, while I force myself to refuse you.—But I must go—positively I must—there is a necessity for it.—" Adieu ! dear Madam," added he, respectfully taking Mrs. Beverly's hand. " Ten thousand thanks for all the polite favours I have received from you during the most delightful weeks I ever spent in my life." He bowed : then, turning to me, opened his lips ; but spoke so low and indistinct, that I could not hear what he said.

" FAREWELL ! Sir," said I, holding out my hand (which he eagerly seized with transport) : " you have my sincere wishes for your happiness." He made no answer but a sigh, and hurried to the door. " You'll follow me, Mr. Beverly," said he, in a voice that spoke his emotions.

THAT gentleman had, for some time, been talking to your sister ; who had so far the command of herself as to affect a smile at something he was saying to her. " Very well," cried she ; " I will take care to remember your instructions." Then, leaving him, she embraced Mrs. Beverly.—When it came to my turn, she whispered, " Indiana, what a trial is this ?"—

I PRESSED her in my arms.—" You have acted nobly ;" said I.

" WRITE to me," resumed she : " write often ; and fear not to mention—You understand me ;" added she, giving her hand to Mr. Beverly, who led her to the coach.

I saw the Colonel, from the windows, taking an affectionate leave of his friend.—Mr. Beverly has an uncommon regard for him.—Indeed, it is

scarce

scarce possible to refuse him one's esteem; for he is not only the fine gentleman, but a most engaging companion; possessed of a great share of lively wit, as well as a very improved natural understanding:—and his person is elegantly genteel. His smiles too are the most pleasing of any body's I ever saw, except Mr. Beverly's, which you have often commended for their sweetness.

How dreary this house appears to what it did yesterday! Mr. Beverly is out of spirits—so am I. —I believe your sister was serious when she talked of going to her aunt's:—if so, what a happiness do I promise myself in seeing my friend!—But then the dear Fanny!—The country is an improper place for her. I wish she would rather try to amuse herself with company and the diversions of the town. I long to hear from you.—Perhaps she will.—But, adieu!—This letter is of an unreasonable length. I forget you will receive it all at once; though I wrote it at different times.—I will not, therefore, add to it by compliments; but only assure you, that I am

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

LETTER XV.

To Miss DANBY.

WONDERFUL!—wonderful!—I give you joy, my dear. But is not a first cousin a very near relation to make a spouse of? I don't know neither: nothing is more common.—But, alas! poor Fanny! Do you know she has absolutely wrote to my aunt, that she is desirous to pass some time here? The good soul was quite delighted. “See here!” said she, giving me the letter; “how affectionately she writes. “It would be long before you would make me “an offer of your company; and yet you have “more reason to be fond of me than she has, “since you have ever been my favourite.—Re- “joice! you will now have an opportunity of re- “turning to the dear town, that you so doat on.” “If I doat on it,” answered I, “you ought “to take it as the greater compliment, that I “have thus long secluded myself from its plea- “sures on your account: but now you are so “much better, I do not care if I do make it “another visit.—It is a tolerable place, take it “all in all.”

“YES, yes; I know you think it so:” said the old lady. “Your taste is too much per- “verted with its follies, to have a true relish for “the beauties of nature.”

“WHAT do you call beauties of Nature?” said I. “Are not men and women the works “of Nature, as well as trees and flowers? and, “in my opinion, much more worthy our atten- “tion.”

“AYE,” said she; “if they would suffer “themselves to be guided by it.”

“THAT

"THAT would make a fine world, indeed!" said I: "you forget that Nature is now corrupt."

"AND pray, what directors," asked she, "have they chose in lieu of it?"

"WHAT?" said I; "why Fashion, Taste, Caprice, to be sure. What should govern fine ladies and fine gentlemen?"

SHE shook her head.—"You may laugh," said she: "but I am more inclined to weep, when I consider how the world degenerates. I remember it a very different thing."

"OH! no doubt;" said I. "And yet, I think, the men at least have had no great claim to your praise; since they suffered an accomplished woman like you to remain a spinster."

SHE coloured, and bridled. "As to that," answered she, "they were not so much to blame as you seem to imagine; since, I can assure you, it was my own fault: nor do I repent it. I leave marriage to those whose sentiments are less pure and refined."

"OH! you are very right, to be sure," said I, laughing; "it is not fit for such angelic creatures. Yet you just now accused us of deviating from Nature; and marriage, if I mistake not,"—"Hush!" said she, interrupting me; "I blush at the subject. In my time, girls would have thought it a breach of modesty to talk of it with that freedom you allow yourself. But this, alas! it is to have had a wrong education and study. Young people, now a-days, are suffered to read sullen and indelicate novels, instead of romances; though the sentiments of the latter are so noble, so elevated, that the purest virgin may read them without a stain; and learn from them both what love is, and how to treat and distinguish
"a true

“ a true lover. There we find none of those liberties (which are now miscalled innocent) offered at, or granted. No! a Knight might sigh for years, without so much as presuming to touch the hem of his mistress’s garment.”—
 “ And add,” said I, laughing, “ might be so bruised and battered into the bargain, that his Dulcinea would run no danger of being led into temptation by the sight of his weather-beaten person.”—“ Person!” repeated my aunt, “ there spoke the sensualist; for, pray, what has person to do with an union of hearts?”—
 She then proceeded to give me, what she called a definition of love. I will not tire you (that have the advantage of her, by knowing that passion not only in theory—but in practice) with a repetition of what she said on the subject: but you may guess it was very bright, when I tell you, I was half asleep before the lecture was over. The former part of our conversation was not worth repeating; but that I wish to give you an idea of the good old soul, and the happiness I must taste in her company.—Her head is half turned with romances. She keeps a starched virgin, by way of confidante; and they mutually endeavour to console each other in their forlorn state. This reverend Miss, who is the pink of courtesy and good-breeding, reads to her, while she is, when her health will permit, employed in embroidering the story of Statira, or some of her favourite heroines.

THIS damsel, who is yclept Parthenia, has lately had a hoarseness, which has rendered her incapable of indulging her friend in her favourite amusement: I therefore was pressed by my aunt to supply her place, till she recovers her usual harmony of voice. With much entreaty, and many assurances that I should be both improved and

and delighted with my task, I sat down to my voluminous labour. But such a penance!—In spite of all remonstrances, I broke off in the middle of, what she called, a very interesting story; leaving Don Barnard with his back against a tree, defending himself from a regiment of foes; half of whom, however, he had already, with one fell stroke of his redoubtable lance laid sprawling at his feet. His mistress too was, as my aunt told me, in most affecting circumstances; being mounted on a white palfrey, endeavouring to escape from Prince — I forget his hard name; but her Knight's perfidious rival. Only think of people in their senses giving attention to such unnatural nonsense. Yet it is well for them, perhaps, that they can be amused with trifles; since Providence has not allotted them any other business in life, but to stop up a gap in the creation, that there may be no vacuum, as you philosophers call it.

A LETTER is just brought me from my sister: she will be with us to-morrow. Mamma and Bevil are to be of the party.—Only think of that! They are coming to fetch me, she says.—Poor Fanny! her epistle gives a proof of her melancholy and dejection. I fear, the society she is coming amongst are not very likely to dissipate it. But she was not to be dissuaded; I assure you, I denied myself so far as to entreat her in my last letter, to suffer me to continue some time longer here; when, I told her, in a very little time, my aunt would be well enough to dispense with both our companies.—But it was in vain; she had set her heart upon coming; longing, no doubt, to indulge her grief, without witnesses.—She half reveals her secret to me; owns she is wretched, and without a prospect of relief.—Dear girl!

I hope time and absence will be a remedy.—I wish she had a little of her sister's levity.—I defy the blind god to give me a moment's pain; yet I like the male creatures well enough.—But farewell love, when it ceases to be an amusement. I'd see them hanged before they should destroy my peace; Bevil and I like one another as reasonable people ought.

I MUST leave off.—The neat Mrs. Parthenia is so notable in giving directions to the maids; helping to dish out the apartments. Every thing is to be in print, for the reception of our guests.—How fidgeting these old gentlewomen are! Right old maids! so fond to be employed! lost to be quite useless in their day and generation!

ADIEU! my dear Indiana; take care and govern Beverly as you ought, don't give him too much of the reins; keep him under good discipline. I'll help to manage him, when I come amongst you again! Remember, I invite myself to your wedding. He is a fickle being; so secure him while you have him in your power; no disparagement this hint to your beauty. Remember you are to set me the example. I shall play the fool with a better grace, when your wife's bad dyship has led the way. Begin; Bevil and I will be the next silly couple.—Adieu! my sweet friend; may we make a better figure in the matrimonial way than most of our fettered acquaintances, or I would forbid the banns.

MY respects to Mrs. Beverly.—I am half in love with Manly. Do you think—but when Fanny failed, and you are the object, there can be no hope.

SHALL I bid you embrace Mr. Beverly for me according to the French style? I know, you will be glad of such a pretence; but we formal

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Yours,

CLARA FREEMORE.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Miss DANBY.

O H! this delightful smoaky air! How it re-
vives one!—And the dear rattling of coach-
halls, noise and bustle, a thousand times more har-
monious to my ears than the so-much-vaunted
melody of birds!—I begin to live again; to re-
cover my spirits.—Adieu! my dreary still life!
Thank Heaven, I am delivered from you. Be-
lieve me, I am too affected to be wondrous happy. “But
when was he otherwise?” you’ll ask. I swear,
the man looks as plump and well-favoured as if
he had fed upon my smiles. Yet, you know,
within these two days, he has not had one
for this age to bless himself with. ’Tis intolerably
mortifying to find myself of so little conse-
quence to him. I believe in my conscience the
wretch would have had the assurance to live, if I
had not returned this twelvemonth.

BUT let me drop a subject, that has already been too often repeated to give you any amusement; and which I may, perhaps, take the liberty of renewing next week, when I propose myself the unspeakable pleasure of seeing you! It is with great regret that I am forced to defer this long-wished-for journey; but Mamma will have it so. I must, she says, first make a round of visits to my acquaintance. They expect it, it seems.—Very well! but they shall be flying ones, I can tell you; for, though I esteem some amongst them, I shall not be myself till I see you, whom I think worth them all. Bevil has been making interest for permission to escort me.—I am undetermined.—I believe it is more for your sake than mine that he asks it. He has so much esteem, regard and all that, for you.—But you know that long ago.—And now I consider that you like the man, and may wish to see him, I think I'll e'en take him.—I shall want a beau; for Beverly, I suppose, will have no eyes, ears, or assiduity, but for your fair self; and it is a little silly to be only a spectator on these occasions.

I SIGHED just then; and accused myself of levity, for indulging and planning schemes of happiness, while poor Fanny is so miserable. I half hate that Beverly, for being, though innocently, the cause.

I LEFT my maid in the country; as she is a sort of favourite with my sister, and is, you know, a sensible well-educated young woman. I desired her to write sometimes, and inform me particularly how Fanny spent her time, and if her melancholy wore off. I thought this necessary as her mistress, I feared, would be more reserved; and I am determined, if she continues to indulge her grief, to go into the country once

more

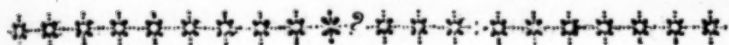
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more, however reluctantly, if I find my company will be of use to her.—I will not endeavour to lengthen my letter; as I shall soon have the more desirable pleasure of conversing with you in person.—Till then, adieu!

CLARA FREEMORE.



LETTER XVII.

TO Miss FREEMORE.

MADAM, I obey your injunctions; and take the liberty to write as you ordered me, though I fear I shall do it in so poor a manner, that you will not be satisfied with my imperfect accounts about my dear young lady.—Indeed, Madam, it grieves me to see her so melancholy; but I don't know the cause of it, as she does not honour me with the least degree of confidence; though, you know, she used formerly to treat me with so much condescension (which I hope I never abused) as to talk freely to me. But indeed I need not wonder at this change to me, since she hardly speaks a word to any body from morning till night, not even to Mrs. Sidney. She told her, when she first came, that she was fond of walking; and as that Lady is not so well recovered as to be able to accompany her, she has an opportunity, which she seems too fond of, to be much alone. She is hardly ever with her but at meals. My old lady often asks her to sit with her, while Mrs. Parthenia is reading; telling her, it will divert her. But she always declines it, on some pretence or other; and takes no

notice or pleasure in any thing, but the little dog that Mrs. Beverly formerly made her a present of.—Of that she seems very fond; and it always accompanies her in her walks.—She rises very early: but neither works, reads, nor plays on her harpsicord, which she used to take such delight in. I never saw her touch it, except one day, as I was sitting at one of the windows at work, when she did not see me. I did not leave the room, as you had ordered me to observe her as much as possible, without seeming to watch her. I was much pleased, when she sat down to the instrument, to see her engaged in any thing that might amuse her; but I was surprised to see her weeping while she played; and she soon left it, sighing, calling the dog; and hastily left the room. I followed her softly, and saw her enter a little wood behind the house, where she passes great part of her time. I durst not go farther for fear of offending her.—Dear Madam! she will certainly kill herself, if she goes on in this manner! She already looks so pale and thin, that I should hardly know her for the fine blooming young lady she once was—I will not send you this letter, till I see if there's any change for the better; but I began writing immediately, as you ordered me.

A WEEK is past, since I began this. I will now finish it, as you are doubtless impatient to hear how my lady does, though I cannot send you more agreeable intelligence than what I began with. Miss Fanny still continues melancholy, and seems to have lost all relish for pleasure. She has however altered her method of spending her time; for, instead of walking, she is now almost constantly shut up in her apartment. I was a good while at a loss to guess at her employment:

ment; but I have at last discovered, that it is writing; though she has never yet sent away any letters, but one to you and another to Miss Danby. However, I hope, this will a little divert her attention from what seems so much to affect her.—I am sent for; but will do myself the honour to finish my letter the first opportunity.

DEAR Madam, I am sorry to inform you that my lady is ill; but, I hope, it will be but a slight indisposition.—One of the maids was going into her room, not knowing she was there, and found her leaning back in her chair, without sense or motion, and with a countenance so pale, that the servant was terrified, believing her dead. She ran immediately to call me. I hurried to her assistance, bidding her say nothing to Mrs. Sidney, till I saw the worst. I found her as the maid had described; not dead, indeed, but in a fainting-fit, one of her hands resting on the writing-desk; and her fingers still held a pencil that I afterwards found she had been drawing with. Proper remedies soon restored her to her senses; but she only opened her eyes, and suffered us to lay her on her bed without speaking a word.

I THEN sent to acquaint Mrs. Sidney with what had happened; and went, mean time, to shut up the bureau, imagining she would, if she had been well enough, have ordered me to do so before her aunt came; as she might, perhaps, have been writing what she would not choose that lady to see. Notwithstanding the grief and confusion I was in, I could not help observing a miniature picture of a gentleman, that seemed to be of her own drawing, as it was not quite finished. I did not, however, you may believe, take time to examine it; but locked the desk, just as Mrs. Sidney entered.

SHE approached her bed. "How are you, my dear?" said she tenderly.

"BETTER;" answered Miss Fanny; "and I hope soon to be much more so." She spoke this with a smile; but such a one as brought tears into my eyes.

"I HOPE so too," said Mrs. Sidney, not understanding her meaning.

"YES, Madam, I shall then, and not till then be happy."

"WELL, my dear," said her aunt, "have patience; you have had but a short illness. There is little fear of your recovery."

"YET I much fear it," said my Lady. "Oh! with what joy could I close my eyes, and never wake again!"

"FYE, my dear," said Mrs. Sidney, "how strangely you talk! Come, lie still, and try to compose yourself. Your pulse is quick; be silent, or you'll throw yourself into a fever."

SHE made some answer, but so incoherent, that I found she was a little delirious. Her aunt was of the same opinion; and ordered every body out of the room but myself, while she sent for a physician, charging me to be silent and keep the room dark.—I punctually followed her directions; but my young lady still kept talking; and tho' without connexion, yet in such moving language and manner, that I never in my life was so much affected. Sometimes she would seem as if listening to somebody; and, after a pause, would return answers. Miss Danby's and Mr. Beverly's names were often repeated.

IN about an hour, Mrs. Sidney returned with a physician. He ordered something for her to take, which has a little composed her; and he assures

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assures your aunt, she is in no danger; but that her malady proceeds from some illness on her spirits.—The fever, he says, is not violent; he hopes, after what he has prescribed, to find her better to-morrow.—Heaven grant he may!—Do not be uneasy, Madam: I trust, I shall have more favourable accounts to send next time I have the honour to write to you. If I may presume to advise, I think Mrs. Freemore had better remain ignorant of my lady's illness, till we see how it turns out. I will not fail to write again in a day or two.

I am, Madam,

with the greatest respect,

your most humble servant.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

E S

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

To Miss DANBY.

WHAT a melancholy journey have we had, my dearest Indiana! The happiness I enjoyed at the grove was too perfect to last. It has quite spoilt my relish for the insipid society I now meet with. The town has lost all its charms for me; and will continue a mere desert in my opinion, till you once more revive it with your presence. Poor Bevil is quite stupid ever since he left you: he had no need to take many such jaunts. Not being very lively at best, he has no spirits to spare. I am now so indifferent about this once admired town, that I long for Tuesday, when I shall once more leave it for a place that was lately my aversion. My dear Fanny stands in need of my company and consolation. Heaven forbid I should omit any thing in my power; that may be in the least likely to restore her former peace. She has so far recovered her health, as to be able to leave her room: but is still very weak, and in a declining way. How fatally does she suffer, by her too-hopeless and deep-rooted passion! I much fear, from my knowledge of her disposition, that she will never be able to vanquish it.—Indeed, it is what she does not seem to desire; but takes a melancholy pleasure in indulging.—She even opposed my coming; wishing, she says, to forget and be forgotten by all the world:—but by me she never can, who love her with the most tender affection.

Do not, my dear Indiana, put your threats in execution. Why should you defer your marriage on my account? Though I am not present,

sha

shall nevertheless partake in your felicity. There is a necessity that mine should be put off some time longer.—My sister demands and shall engross all my care, till I see her happier. Bevil himself acquiesces in the too-just reason I give for this necessary delay.—He submits, with seeming resignation, to my absence: though, to do him justice, I believe, it costs him no small pain. After all, he is a good kind of man. I have liked him better ever since you so kindly taught me what was valuable in him. He never appears to such advantage, as when in your company. I do not know whether in some things he is not to be preferred even to Beverly; though he wants much of his specious manner, and has not so fine a person to give a grace to his intrinsic merit. Do not be offended at my freedom. Beverly is a charming fellow, for all that; but I need not fear putting you out of conceit with him. If ever I have an unfavourable thought, it is on Fanny's account: yet I cannot justly blame him, even for that. But it is a cruel thing to think of so fair a blossom being nipped in the bud; to be lost to the world at her years; just entering into life, with such promising prospects! Youth, beauty, and fortune, all in her possession; yet all ineffectual, and unable to secure her happiness.—'Tis piteous!—'tis wondrous piteous!—You too, as well as your swain, have done mischief; though, I believe, more unwillingly. Witness the once gallant colonel Manly! He is gone down to his estate in Berkshire, I hear.—Very ill judged, to go into the country! Love is not a distemper that will receive benefit from such a prescription. It is not pure air, but hurry and dissipation, that is likely to effect a cure.

I AM

I AM quite grave to-day, my dear: a walk with you, under your shady elms, would be of infinite service to me.—When shall I again enjoy that pleasure? I will skip over the dreary prospect that lies between me and the wished-for time when I shall pay another visit to your delightful seat. Then we will again renew those charming amusements I partook with you, and now so much regret the loss of. We will then once more ramble over the enchanting walks that surround your castle; you leaning on the arm of your doating Beverly, and I too, perhaps, led by my no less constant mate.—What a couple of happy pairs we shall make! We will set such an example for wives, and our swains will be so uncommonly tender and assiduous husbands, not forgetting to add lover to that title, that we shall be the wonder of the world.

HERE are castles in the air for you. I have an excellent knack at building them: time will determine on what foundation.—Farewell, my dear Indiana.—Direct your next letter to me, at my aunt's. I shall not write again till I arrive at the end of my journey. Till then, and ever after, believe me, Yours sincerely,

CLARA FREEMORE.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I X .

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

TELL me, George (for I know you pretend to some knowledge of human nature,) tell me, I say, why the late idol of my affections begins to lose some part of her empire over my heart; tho' her beauty rather improves than diminishes; tho' her sense and behaviour are both unexceptionable?

It is a cursed thing that our pleasures are so inadequate to our desires. A few months ago, I would have given kingdoms for her love and the consent of my mother.—Now, I am assured of both; and yet I yawn over my happiness.—A devil of a heart for inconstancy this of mine!—I struggle hard to tame it; but Nature, George, —Nature will prevail.—What the plague would it be at?—Here's a girl, blooming as Hebe, and beautiful as the Laughter-loving goddess; gentle too and prudent, of a sweetly-even disposition!—Aye, there it is—always the same! above art!—This would do, if she had an angel to deal with.—But a frail imperfect creature will require more than simple unaffected nature to manage him.

In speculation, indeed, we acknowledge, we approve of, a woman of modest diffidence, of gravity, free from affectation, coquetry, and all that.—But are these in reality the women that are courted and admired? No, faith! George, we allow, with great coolness and philosophy, that they are good deserving kind of women; and so we e'en respectfully let them alone.—But for the others, our passions are excited, our
attention

attention awakened. I don't mean for the silly souls, who, without talents, would fain be smart and lively; but women of sense, who, knowing something of the human heart, do not content themselves with valuable endowments only;—but, with a refined art, give a poignancy to their charms, by an air degagée, an affected capriciousness; and by some pretty inadvertencies, add a spirit and variety to their character.

YES, you'll say, those ladies are very well “*pour passer le temps* ;” but, when the grave crotchet Matrimony gets into the head, then the sober woman, whose greatest fame is to have been unknown, comes in play.—’Tis there the prudent, nay, almost all sorts of men, fix their choice at last.

TRUE, I grant they do; and ’tis to that we may ascribe the hum-drum insipid lives most married people lead.—“ Oh! they will make a “ happy couple,” cry the grave ones; “ he has “ chose none of your flirting fine ladies; but a “ sedate notable woman, who will mind her family!”

AH! George, I shudder at the thoughts of being tied to one of your notable good kind of women.—What a companion! I cannot for my life, separate the idea of shrew from notable;—and, faith! experience teaches us they too often go together.—Ah! these bustling dames, whose understandings reach no farther than to know how to mix a pudding and to scold their servants.—What endearing help-mates!—They truly have something else to do than to study their dress and other trifling accomplishments; as they call the ornaments of female education.—It is certain, they never sacrifice to the Graces.

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NOT that I would have a woman neglect her family-concerns.—But shall that be all her care?—Did I marry her only for a house-keeper or upper-servant?—Surely I hoped to find in her an agreeable companion, a tender friend, an object of love by the neatness of her person.—Judge, how much more pains it will require to answer these ends, than the subordinate one of a good housewife!

BUT where is my pen running with me?—What's this to my Indiana?—that elegant lovely fair one!—she surely was far from my thoughts, while writing this description of a wife. But matrimony was not; and that naturally led me to the subject. This too will account for my dullness; for, at best, it is but a kind of a——ha! George! but a so-so kind of a state. Yet, if things go on as swimmingly as they have done for some time past, I believe I shall be noosed; in spite of nature, I think I may say: for surely it is repugnant to that—since, doubtless, the love of freedom is natural.

OH! the dear creature! there she goes! Grace in her steps.—She's walking under my window, George: the sight of her has given a new turn to my imagination. My heart beats time to her motions.—What a shape! What an air!—I lay down my pen, to gaze at her.

OH! woman!—charming woman!—The love fit is strong upon me. I will go down to her while it lasts, and taste the rapturous pleasure of mutual passion.—Now, if the sweet Syren knew her interest, she would be a little capricious; a moderate quarrel now and then is the very life of courtship. Too much soft complacency, like too much sweetness, cloy.—We lose the endearing pleasure of reconciliation, because

cause we never differ. Conversation grows languid, when people are all of one opinion; a dispute now and then quickens it. So should it be in love.

WHAT! shall a man of my enterprising genius have no difficulties to exercise it with?—I do not know whether it is so much owing to my inconstancy, as the gentle yielding dispositions of the fair ones I have met with, that is the cause of the short continuance of my passions.—It is certain, I am always in love with some one or other. The aching void must be filled up: and if they had the art to make variety in one, I should have no pretence nor inclination to rove; for it is not so much a new face, as a new mind, that makes me change.

BUT, adieu! George; I see her seated in a delicious arbour, amidst beauteous flowers, herself the fairest flower.—Let me fly, to pour out the effusion of my heart into her gentle bosom.
Yours,

HENRY BEVERLY.

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LETTER XX.

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

A GAIN the languid fit is upon me.—Oh! dear Variety! I sigh for thee.—I must change the scene.—A trip to town will, I fancy, have no bad effects on my spirits.—A frolicsome ramble with some of our old set; thou and I the ringleaders.—Ah! George, 'tis an age since I saw our commodious friend the widow. I fancy, a little chat with some of her nymphs would not be amiss. It will be a kind of novelty now.—I have kept Lent a great while. Then I shall return with double relish to the good old dowager and her virtuous charge. The latter will lose nothing by the comparison I shall make between her and the commodious tribe. She ought therefore, if she knew my motives, to encourage my trip.—I am sure, I love her better than she does herself; for she, tender hearted fair one! would, with her own will, I doubt not, have been mine a month ago.—But I knew her interest better.

I HAVE heard old people talk of sowing one's wild oats before marriage, as the most prudent method. Now I don't, in my conscience, believe I have disposed of half mine.—Was it not very considerate in me then to endeavour to get rid of them before I said the irrevocable "Yes?"—I fancy this same matrimony was the lovers leap, talked of by the ancients as an infallible cure for love.—Experience teaches us, there is not a more sovereign remedy.—Well; do you hear, George?—Get yourselves all in good spirits,

spirits, to animate mine; and then, huzza! boys! I'll be myself again.—Oh! hark ye! What is become of the little Brunette? On my soul, I was very generous to give her up to you. Use her well for my sake. Her birth and accomplishments set her above the common level of mistresses, or rather slaves to our pleasure; for such most women will find themselves, if they yield without certain terms.

A LETTER is just brought me from Sir Edward Lindsey, with an invitation, in very pressing terms, to spend a few weeks with him at Lindsey-castle. Shall I go? He promises me good company. His sister too is sprightly. I think, I'll e'en take his seat in my way to town.—But expect me in a week or two at farthest.—Adieu! George: I must answer the Knight's epistle.

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L E T T E R X X I .

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

SUCH a girl, George!—But come; for once, I'll try to give you a kind of narrative of my expedition to Sir Edward's; tho' I am but a bungler at matter-of-fact letters, as well as conversation.

I LEFT my fair Indiana, sad, no doubt, for the absence of her swain; and arrived safe at the Knight's.—You know him, George; a noble fellow, one whose warm generous heart would have made him well-bred, without the rules of art that were invented to supply the deficiencies of good-nature.

I READ my welcome from his looks, more than from his words.—As he was leading me to the company, he stopped; and, clapping his hand on my breast, with a smile, “I know your disposition, Harry,” said he; “I am going to lead you into temptation. You'll be powerfully attacked on your weak side. I give you warning. Arm yourself against the danger.”

“NEVER fear,” said I; “I am used to these encounters; and have been wounded so often, and yet recover'd, that I begin to think my heart invulnerable; and that I shall never receive a dart that will prove mortal.”

THE door open'd as I spoke; and the first object that struck my sight was the youthful elderly Countess of Derwentwater, a sprightly dowager, who has long since ceased to number her years, and hopes every one else will favour her with the same omission. I knew her at Paris. There,
you

you know, a woman is never past gallantry, while above ground. The French have no other language for the ladies, but that of Flattery and Courtship.

THE air of that gay climate affected me. Not being out of the mode, you know, amongst more serious attachments, I enlisted myself, by way of amusement, in the Countess's train; and did not pass undistinguish'd by her.

"VANITY!" you cry.—Be it so, George; let me tell you, 'tis bad policy to be without it; for the herd will generally judge of a man according to the value he sets upon himself.—The lady was coming enough; but I had no inclination to push things to an extremity.

JUDGE if it was not a joyous meeting between us! There was "Jesu!" and "Mon Dieu!" (for the lady has picked up some of the polite French phrases; one would not travel for nothing you know!) "Who would have expected to have seen the gallant Mr. Berkeley?"—"This is a pleasure, indeed!" and so forth.

WHEN we had sufficiently congratulated each other on our happiness, she turned to two young ladies, whom she introduced to me as her daughters.—Aye, here we come to the point—for the daughters.—Oh! George, the eldest, lady Caroline,—such a bewitching creature! tall, slender, elegant, blooming, every part of her alive; eyes bright and well disciplined; features—no matter whether regular or not—I leave such examinations to your cold insensible mortals, who only are fit for critics in these matters, because they have no passion, no fire, to bias their judgment.—It is the tout ensemble that strikes me; the ne scai quoi, that goes directly to the heart—

and such is lady Caroline.—And then her manner is wild, affected, and volatile; even her good mamma's foibles do not escape her ridicule. Yet is not her wit, or understanding, extraordinary. Her bon mots would make no great figure, if retailed. It is the ruby lips, the ivory teeth, and arch manner in which she speaks, that make what she says so sprightly and agreeable.

For genuine wit, we must have recourse to Miss Lindsey, Sir Edward's sister.—There, indeed, we find it in perfection. You never saw her, I believe. It is a little lively brunette, black eyes, aquiline nose, not handsome indeed, but an admirable companion, the spirit of every party she mixes with. Were I a Mahometan—Ah! George, what happy dogs are these same Infidels, as we call them!—Were I one, I say, amongst the favourites of my seraglio, I would have my Indiana for my rational hours, when I would taste the sentimental refinements of love.—Lady Caroline pour badinage—and Miss Lindsey for the exercise of my genius; to raise my spirits when they were languid; to sharpen my wit.

WHAT a life would that be!—how happy!—what charming variety! But, alas! I cannot have them all. What is to be done then? Which way shall I turn me?—How shall I decide? Time will determine.

For the present, lady Caroline shall be Sultana—We'll think of my Indiana hereafter.—I have packed her up in one corner of my heart, till farther orders.—She'll come in play again, no doubt.—The moment I see her, with her sweetly-timid looks, her languid eyes, and her ten thousand nameless charms, I know she will exert herself

self in my breast: and drive out, for a while at least, every competitor.

BUT what shall I do with little Juliet?—it is a pretty prim damsel; and would fain be put forward. I see it does not well relish the preference I give her sister. They tell me too, she is reckoned the most regular beauty.—Very likely; it is regular enough in all conscience; a piece of clock-work, without either life or feeling.

I HAVE no objections to the demure little toads, whose mammas, perhaps from experience, have given them a strict education, and warn'd against the two-legg'd monster man. These girls have souls; and a proper application will blow up the fire that lies dormant.—But this Juliet is chalk and water; and, to all intents and purposes of joy, as somebody says, a mere armful of shavings.

A JOYOUS life I lead amongst these girls!—I don't know when you'll see me in town—It depends on lady Caroline, who is at present the arbitress of my fate; and she has such variety in her character, that her empire may last this month yet, if nothing extraordinary happens. I'll finish my letter another time. Dinner waits.

THERE have I left her ladyship in the pouts.—She would not forgive me, though I kneel'd, and sigh'd, and talk'd soft nonsense to her for an hour. Yet I know we shall kiss and be friends when we meet again; for I saw she picked a quarrel out of nothing, for no other reason but to have the pleasure of making it up again.—I'll tell you how it happened.—We were romping.—Lady Caroline is an excellent romp; and, I assure you, it requires a peculiar genius, to do it with spirit and ease.—A woman of sense is generally

generally a bungler at it.—We were romping, I say; and I took the privilege it allows, to snatch some innocent favours from my mistress; for which I was reprimanded with a rap of her fan; or a “Fye, you vile creature, how can you do so?”—Sometimes a fair soft hand came across my mouth, to push my too forward head from her. This gave me an opportunity to kiss it, you know. All this passed off very well; a pish, a half-frown, half-smile, was all my punishment; till, bolder grown, I presumptuously snatch’d a kiss from her ruby lips. A faint struggle was all the resistance I met with—But when it was over, and she recollected that I had done it before company (in private you know, George! but mum!) she took it in her head to bridle upon it, sat down, looked serious, and pouted, as I told you before, tho’ I took a world of pains to pacify her; but at last, finding her inexorable, I resumed my gay air, and, taking her hand, told her smiling, that I must tear myself from her, as I had letters to write; but, when that task was over, I would return to the more arduous one, “of soliciting her pardon: and for “Heaven’s sake,” added I, “get yourself into “a humour to grant one; not only for my sake, “but your own; for look in the glass, see how “ill this grave formal air fits upon your naturally-animated features.” I put her hand to my lips: “Dear creature.” cry’d I, “I shall “be tempted to kiss you again, if I stay much “longer; you look so handsome, that I would “eat you.”

I LEFT her, and went towards the room-door looking back all the way. Her eyes met mine; and I saw, by their softness, her heart

heart began to relent; I'll go down presently, and reap the fruits of her returning tenderness.

"OH! love, thou balm that in our cup wast
"thrown,

"To make the nauseous draught of life go
"down."

I DON'T know if I have quoted these lines right. But no matter—the sense is the same. I thank Heaven, I have too bad a memory ever to make a good spouter.—But adieu, George; I long to see my angry fair. This letter, considering the matter of it, is, or I am much mistaken, of a sufficient length. So here it ends.

Yours,

HENRY BEVERLY.

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LETTER XXII.

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

HA! ha! ha! this old dowager is such an original! an ancient coquette!—But I'll warn lady Caroline to drop it, when she comes to years of discretion—But how few ladies arrive at that age!—The spiteful young flirts, who threatened to be revenged of me for some free sentiments I uttered last night, in speaking of their bewitching sex, gave me the slip this morning, when they saw me engaged at piquet with the countess, and left us to a tete-a-tete—a joyous one you may be sure it proved.—But if I am not even with them for this trick, then let them post me for a stupid fellow; an appellation I never yet was mortified with. Take care, my sweet Caroline; your Beverly has vowed to make reprisals. I swear you shall be forced to make me amends for an hour of my precious time thus murdered.—I yawn at the thoughts of our conversation. We have had a jaunt to Paris. Marquises, hotels, operas, and French fashions, are still buzzing in my ears, in such a manner that I hardly know what I write. That ever a woman should think of travelling, not satisfied with the impertinencies she can glean up in her own country (and one would think there were enough in England to satisfy any reasonable woman!); they must go to Paris, truly, to make themselves more unsupportably ridiculous.—Hardly one man in a thousand has a head fit to venture beyond the limits of our isle, without he will be content to return a monkey. What then becomes of a woman, who gets herself Frenchified?—Horrid! an old woman too, whom no-

thing but gravity and clean linen can make tolerable.—To be frizzled and tawdry'd out!—to make the want of teeth more conspicuous, by continually opening her mouth, affectedly to lisp out a jargon of broken French!—The poor countess!—Stop my pen.—She is my Caroline's mother.

AFTER enduring a torrent of impertinence for more than an hour, which to me appeared half a century, I broke from her, on pretence of having letters to write of indispensable necessity.—So here I am, and begin to breathe at liberty.

WHEN will my angel return? How tedious is her absence!—Indiana!—Some other time, dear creature; spare your reproaches, I love you still, by Heaven, I do. Plaguy thoughts now and then! I am forced to ram them down, as they begin to rise!—I am not naturally ungenerous.—I could wish to deal justly and honourably by every one. My morals were never called in question, except in regard to women; and in that case, nature—Who can help nature, George? 'tis an almost thread-bare excuse; but I must still make use of it, as 'tis all I can urge in extenuation of my faults.

AH! here she comes.—Now, ye painters, would you have a finished Diana? Come here, and look at Lady Caroline. She's on horseback.—Heavens! what a figure! How does that black feather adorn her lovely face! The wind has discomposed her hair. It waves in careless ringlets on her cheek.—Oh! I will fly! She must dismount into my arms!—What a foot and delicate ancle!—I'm in ecstacy, George! Adieu!

HENRY BEVERLY

L E T

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

I LEFT Lindsey-castle this afternoon, though they thought me mad for attempting such a journey at that time of day. But I knew it was but a good tight gallop; and I have often endangered my neck, and came off safe; why not try again?—Besides, I could neither go before Lady Caroline, nor stay after she was gone; so I had no other time for it.—But as soon as I had, with a heavy heart, put the angelic creature into her coach, not without a repetition of gentle pressures of her hand, a hand that, with a timorous boldness, almost imperceptibly (except to a lover, whose exquisite feeling nothing can escape) returned the favour;—I mounted my horse, took leave of the knight and his agreeable sister, and set off for the Grove as fast as I could drive, leaving my servant, who could not keep up with me, to follow his own devices.

A GOOD deal fatigued with my journey, my boots and cloaths spotted with dirty roads, my hair curled and hanging over my face, wet through with rain.—I alighted, about eleven o'clock at night, at my mansion.

As I drew near the house, it seemed as if the air of the place affected my imagination; the same emotions, the same thoughts, that I used to experience there, again took possession of me. Lady Caroline's image began to subside; and Indiana's gradually took place. My heart throbbed at the prospect of seeing her.—I have heard people's having two souls; and I am likewise of opinion, that they have two hearts. How

else shall I account for loving fervently two people at the same time?—'Tis strange!—I was determined to surprize my mother and fair one; so, without calling the servants, I walked my horse gently up the back way to the house, put him into the stable, and marched directly into the servants hall.—Up they all started at once. I never saw a set of devils so surprized. But I put my finger on my lip, as an order of silence; and, bidding one of them take care of my horse, walked forward to the parlour, chucking my conductress (my mother's Abigail) under the chin; who, I have reason to believe, has a sneaking kindness for me, and who courteously simpered, and officiously carried the light before me.—A good smart girl! I may think of her some day or other, when I have nothing else to amuse myself with.

I HASTILY opened the room; where sat my mother reading, and my love listening with attention, her charming head reclined on her delicate hand. Health, innocence, and elegant simplicity, shone in her blooming countenance. Her fine auburn hair, which she has in great profusion, had partly escaped from under her light head-dress, and shaded her fair face. She was dressed in a white lutestring, her cloaths more negligently put on than when I used to be at home, and were, perhaps, the more becoming for that very negligence.—These remarks I made after I had been some time seated by her, and feasting my eyes with her charms. My first transports were too lively to admit any other idea but the pleasure of seeing her.

As soon as I made my appearance, she started shrieked, and fell back in her chair, pale and almost breathless.—I flew to support her, clasped

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her in my arms, and murmured out the fondest, kindest words, that genuine love could dictate.— Oh! George, how happy was I at that moment! —In my life I never experienced a transport that could equal it.

“How could you frighten me so, Mr. Beverly?” said the sweet girl in a soft voice— Her voice is always remarkably soft, when she speaks to or of me.—“And to travel so late too! “Good Heavens, how dangerous!”

My mother, who had taken off her spectacles as soon as she saw me, came and flung her arms round us both. When our mutual transports began to subside, I drew a chair close to my sweet mistress, and our conversation became more connected and intelligible. But now they had leisure to examine me, and saw what a pickle I was in. I did not fail to have an affectionate lecture from my mother for my rashness, and the little care I took of my health. My Indiana too chid me in the most tender and endearing manner.—Every word she uttered went to my heart—for never did her beauty, since the hour I first beheld her, make so strong an impression on my mind.—Why would the dear charmer, too kindly solicitous for my health, force me from her? I cannot profit by this advice. To rest is impossible, while in such agreeable agitation. The only thing I could think on was to sit down to write to you. I shall sleep the better for being heartily fatigued.—A little of that serves my turn at any time; I have no notion of wasting any part of a short life by giving too much of it to insensibility. I may not, perhaps, make the most commendable use of my time; but I would live every moment of it.

I SHALL not be in town now for some weeks longer. The Grove stands fair for being agreeable for some days at least; and I have promised to be at the races at N——, to meet Lady Caroline. At present I could wish to break the engagement; but I know myself too well to believe I can continue long in one mind. I fear, I shall too soon be reconciled to the thoughts of it; yet I certainly feel something for Indiana, that, with all my passionate admiration of the other, I never experienced. I don't know what will be the end of it. But if my chaplain had been in the way a few hours ago (what a lucky fellow am I that he was not!) I should certainly have played the fool and married. There are some critical moments in every body's life, which, if they can get over, they may hobble on very well to the end of it.—But beware of them; since to that a woman often owes the loss of a (till that fatal moment) well-guarded virtue; and to them, when one's evil stars have a strong influence, a man (as would have been my helpless fate) often owes the loss of his liberty.

Good night, George; I am drowsy at last.—Now for pleasing dreams!—For my Indiana and my Caroline! Adieu.

Yours,

HENRY BEVERLY.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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